JANUARY 1891.

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HISTOGENETIC MEDICINES.

FACTS SPEAK.

TESTIMONIALS.

For two years prior to 1890 I had lumbago so bad that sometimes I could hardly turn myself in bed. I was treated for it by one of the best doctors in Winnipeg, but failed to get any relief. Hearing such good reports of the Histogenetic Medicines I decided to try them and after using them one week was entirely cured, never had a symptom of it since. I think the Histogenetic Medicines are the best medicines made.

W. McEWAN, Winnipeg.

Last winter I received a very severe bruise on my foot. Erysipelas set in and I tried various remedies without receiving any benefit and the disease kept getting worse. A friend of mine who had used the Histogenetic Medicines, persuaded me to try them. I procured a supply and after using them only one week was able to resume my work.

A. CURRIE, Winnipeg.

My little boy was very much troubled with vomiting bile and terribly sick spells every week or two, for over two years. I could get nothing to relieve him. The Histogenetic medicines were strongly recommended, and on the 9th of June I got some. He took the medicines only two weeks and was entirely cured, for he has not had any sickness of any kind since. I am also taking the medicines, and they have done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken.

MRS. J. H. McCONNELL, Winnipeg.

I was attacked with congestion of the liver and inflammation of the kidneys on the 17th of August, attended with excruciating pains in my side and back. Could not lie on either side—could scarcely breathe. The slighest movement caused agonizing pain. Nothing gave me relief. I sent for Dr. Rear, knowing he had cured my daughter of a dangerous illness with Histogenetic Medicine after she had been given up by four skillful physicians. In one week my pain was gone and liver and kidneys acting as well as ever. The cure is complete. It acts the most like magic of any medicine I ever took. I sincerely hope that the suffering ladies of Toronto and elsewhere may try the superior merits of these pure and tasteless, beautifully prepared Histogenetic Medicines. My object in giving this testimony is purely through sympathy for the sick and dying.

MRS. McCULLOUGH, 60½ Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Like thousands who did not recover from the effects of la grippe, I was left with bronchial troubles after a severe attack and became very anxious about my condition, as did also my wife, I consulted Dr. Rear at the "Histogenetic" offices. He gave me a thorough examination, and explained Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic system of medicine to me, which looked so reasonable and clear that I consulted my wife, who advised me to try it at once. I did so and the medicine acted like a charm. They are the best to take and the quickest to act of any medicine I ever took. I would strongly advise any one suffering from lung and bronchial diseases to try them. They build up very rapidly and remove all pain and coughing at once.

J. C. SINCLAIR, 53 Victoria, Toronto.

Books explaining the system, medical examination and consultation free. Address:

HISTOGENETIC MEDICINE ASSOCIATION,

19 YONGE STREET MARKET, COR. YONGE AND GERRARD STS., TORONTO.

TO THE MOTHERS OF CANADA.

The Dominion Clothing Co.

Have much pleasure in reminding you that one of thei stores in the New Market Building,

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets,

Is entirely devoted to Children's Clothing, comprising everything in

Suits from $2. Overcoats, with and without Capes, $2.50. Pea Jackets, etc., etc.

All at remarkably low prices. This department is well worth visiting on your way down town, and you will not be asked to buy any thing you don't want.

R. DONALDSON, Manager.

USE

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MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No. 1—NEW SERIES. TORONTO, JANUARY, 1891. $1 00 PER YEAR.

THE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD.

By Mary Lowe Dickinson.

A SOUND BODY.

While on every hand moral work, intellectual work, social work await every woman young or old whose life is so rich and full that it overflows into the world from the home, I am glad to see that there seems to be a growing appreciation of the importance of hygienic work as underlying all work of soul or brain. Whether for ourselves or for others, the first work toward enlarging and dignifying life is a work for the body—that body which is too often as unlike the temple in which God meant the human soul to dwell as the soul itself is unlike what He meant the dweller to be. All of us who have sought to inspire the very wretched classes with love of knowledge, or with aspirations after better morals, have already found that our first battle would have to be on another field, that we needed to conquer outposts held by filth, by foul air, by bad food, by dark and dirty dwellings, before we could approach the citadel of the soul. We have tried chapels, and prayer-meetings, and Sunday-schools, and house-to-house visiting, and tracts, and have found that before these could begin their work we must send the plumber, and teach the religion of the scrubbing-brush and the broom, and of light and food, and must drive out the multiform demons of dirt before we could exorcise the demons of poverty and drink. The British public have recognized with increasing clearness, during their last fifty years of struggle against the wretchedness of lower classes, that it was largely a physical problem with which they had to deal, and that the social, moral, mental, and spiritual mischiefs have their root in bodily conditions. They were not satisfied with anything short of facts and proofs, and when these questions began to excite interest a Parliamentary committee was called for, and witnesses examined from every class and condition of life as to the real causes of disease and pauperism and death.

The facts thus brought to light were overwhelming, and when laid before the public all classes rushed to hear. Whenever the health question was to be discussed, medical societies, teachers' associations, and popular assemblies were crowded; while in America, at the same time, Dr. Edmonds, president of the London Temperance Hospital, then visiting this country, and invited to lecture in Association Hall in New York, had an audience of less than two hundred. In England his subject would have drawn thousands; while here thousands would have gone instead to hear the emotional and sensational side of the subject, as given by reformed men, who could tell but little except their own sad tales of degradation and reform. There is value in this last, no doubt, but it is striking to see how the two nations approach the subject from different sides. We were going to finish our little job up in a minute; they saw it was a life work, long and hard. We depended on social organization, on the power of sympathy, on enthusiasm, as if the great object were to get people to make promises and to raise barricades against the evil, instead of fighting it inch by inch. We looked at the surface, said we knew all about it, and only wanted to know how to get rid of it. But demons such as these are not to be circumvented by song and story and sentiment, or vanquished by a gush of enthusiasm. All these are aids, but they are all ineffective in comparison with the greater aid that is founded on the basis of actual knowledge of the body, and of its conditions of health and beauty and power; of what will strengthen and what will hurt; of what will build it up into a glorious creation of God, and what will drag it down to the haunts of evil spirits.

Turning from the sufferers in the lower to those in the higher classes of life, we find no less the hampering influence of disease. Could the women of the land, alive as they are coming to be to every mode of development and phase of progress, become thoroughly aroused to the fact that all progress along every line stops and the backward course begins, both for the individual and for the race, as soon as disease or feebleness of body sets in, they would have struck at last the lowest strata of reform, and we could hope for the future of the race. The foundation of all culture and of all development must be laid here, and women's hands are the ones to lay it. Build we ever so fair a structure on the basis of intelligence and goodness, and soon or late, if the hygienic conditions are wrong, it is undermined and falls.

Without health the beautiful woman ceases to be beautiful; and of little avail are all our years of training and education, if the possessor of their results is to pass her life a helpless victim of pain. Could we take out from among the young mothers of the land those who are too feeble to give their little children mother care, all the older women whose health has been broken before they have reached their prime, all the young girls who are too feeble to study and too delicate to work, the number would startle us all. We do not half know the truth about this, for three-fourths of the sufferers do not like to tell. They have learned by experience that their households do not find pleasant diversion in the recital of a woman's aches and pains. If every feeble woman made as much demand upon the family time and care and sympathy as a sick man under the same circumstance would make, we should feel the world had gone into a hospital, and the millennium for the doctors and undertakers had come. But for every hysterical woman who makes everybody about her feel and carry her pain, there are a dozen who drag their own dumbly and bravely till it carries them into their graves.

But it is something more than outspoken family selfishness that makes the uncomplaining invalid woman dumb. The suffering she cannot overcome or hide depresses the mental atmosphere of the house. There is a protest against illness in the very air. Disease is an unnatural and abnormal thing, and health resists it as long as it can. It takes the spring out of the steps and the ring out of the laugh, and hushes the voices of the little ones. And to a great extent it does this whether the invalid is patient and silent or not. The thing that is, is to a large influence by what we are, not by what we say or the little we may say. Sickness is a guest which no woman should permit to come over her home, if she can by possibility cure it, or keep it away. And women, we must admit, in all ages have been earnest seekers after and patrons of cures. We have supported water cures, magnetic cures, electric cures, movement cures, grape cures, mind cures, faith cures, and compound oxygen and safe kidney and liver cures. The marvel is not that we still suffer, but that we are still alive. And the result of all this experience and observation convinces that if half the time and vitality spent in seeking a cure and in learning how to endure could have been turned toward prevention, it would have given us another race. We need to become possessed by the truth that health is the great possession. Dr. Bartol opens his sermon on the mind cure by the statement that sickness and sin are twin-born, and Emerson says that in varying health we have a searching preacher of self-control.

How to secure good health therefore is one of the first problems for this generation of women. This is the demand their subjects will make of those they are crowning as queens of the hearth and the home. Give us bright, fresh, kindly hearted sisters, say the lads and the little brothers in the homes. Give us happy healthy faces over our cradles, plead the babes, who find their heaven in mother's eyes. Give us cheer and laughter and a little fun, say the fathers, turning wearily toward their firesides at the end of a day of toil. Give us a bright word and a helping hand and your dainty touch on household ways, say the mothers who would give their lives any day to see their daughters well and strong and glad. Give us health is the cry from all the world to its women. Give us girls with a constitution that will spare us the morbid brooding of discontent, the hysterical tantrum, the nervous collapse, the look of gloom from the clear wells of your eyes.

The old world is weary and travel-worn and it sits, as the Master sat over against the well of Samaria, and says, "Woman, give me to drink." The youth and health of womanhood are like a cup that holds refreshment for every thirsty and weary soul. Do not have to answer, "I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

This is, as I have said, the problem of today. It is not our purpose now and here to suggest how best it can be solved. To the true seeker it will open its intricacies one by

FIG. 32.—No. 4818.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 13¼ yards; 34, 36 inches, 14 yards; 38 inches, 14½ yards; 40 inches, 14¾ yards; 42 inches, 15½ yards; 44 inches, 16 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 6¾ yards; 34, 36 inches, 7 yards; 38 inches, 7¼ yards; 40 inches, 7½ yards; 44 inches, 8 yards.

FIG. 32.—In this figure is shown a lady's costume, for which, although other handsome materials may be used, velvet or plush is best suited, the first especially. The shape is a polonaise, to which the effect of a bodice is given by a belt of passementerie forming a point above a second loose or "sword-belt," as it is called, of the same trimming, which sustains a small metal dagger, and is held close to the first belt, at the side, by loops of passementerie. This trimming also adorns the deep "panel-field" on the right side. On both sides are large folds, and between them fall the long ends of the second belt, bringing the trimming quite to the hem. There is a Medici collar of small size above a still further display of the rich passementerie which decorates each side in a vest-like effect. The sleeves are moderately high on the shoulders, but tighten clingingly immediately below the small shoulder puff. The price of this pattern (No 4818) is 35 cents. It may be recommended as a garment equally adapted to a reception or dinner, or for evenings at home when seeing guests, while, with a handsome wrap, it may be worn for paying calls.

one. One little single hygienic law of sleep, of diet, of dress or exercise, the first and simplest that you know, *obeyed*, and the work is begun. Knowing the next thing to do is not important until you have done the next thing you know.

Any society, called by whatever name, that so begins and so goes on, begins at the root of noble living, and may be sure, however slow their growth, that every step planted firmly on a hygienic fact will be a step not only toward personal physical well-being, but toward the uplifting of the race as well.

If women once arouse themselves to the danger, and take hold of the matter in earnest, we shall not be long in seeing a more hopeful sign in the sky. Already is there a morning glimmer flashing in the columns of the press. No man who stops to ask himself the question how many healthy women he numbers among his acquaintance but will welcome the gleam of this dawn.

A Word to a Wife.

If a wife wants a peaceful atmosphere and the same unlimited adoration that she had from the individual who was her lover in her earlier days, one of her first endeavors must be to retain it by in some measure deserving it. One of the first things for her to attend to in that line is that of keeping the household and other expenses entirely within the sum that she and her husband have decided to be fit and proper; and a system that will insure that having been established, to let her husband's pocket rest in peace, to ask for no more money, and to have none of those trifling, teasing expenses of which each single amount is small, but the sum is comparatively enormous. One of the next things for her to do is to remember that a well-fed man is vastly better and more amiable, healthier and happier, than one poorly nourished, and to govern her table and her cookery accordingly; and if the effort causes difficulty with her servants, to let him know nothing of it; and if she has no servants, to husband her strength in other ways, and to make the work easy for herself by a systematic procedure—a day for this duty, and another for that; a place for everything, and everything in its place. It would be a poor sort of husband that would not appreciate this effort, and meet it more than half-way. That business attended to, a wise wife will try and keep up with her husband's tone of thought and with his reading, and will bring forward subjects for conversation and discussion not altogether personal, omitting scandals and fashions, making herself so companionable and agreeable to him intellectually that he will not need to go elsewhere for such society. Still another point for her to consider is that of the exercise of as much courtesy to her husband as she was wont to use toward him in the days when it pleased her to think she attracted him; never, moreover, to let him see that in anything she feels herself better than he, conscious that there is no quality sweeter in a woman than humility; undoubtedly the fact remains that in many ways she is better than he, but it will not help him at all to have the fact thrust upon him, for we all wish to live up to our reputations, and if he thinks he is a faultless husband, he will try to continue so.

And then, as her husband is mortal, she is to remember that fact, and not be surprised and manifest her surprise at his want of perfection, remembering also her own want of it, and the possibility that she too may have fallen short of an ideal. It is a good plan for her to remember that she pleases not so much by brilliancy as by charm, and therefore not attempt to dazzle this husband by a superior wit and knowledge, which, after all, may not be hers, but to put herself in the attitude of listening and learning from him whenever that is possible; and if upon the occasion of any argument she should allow him to convince her, by not assuming a hostile frame of mind immediately, and by not insisting upon the the last word herself, she might find that she had won more as a wife than she has lost as an advocate or a conversationalist. It may be felt base and unworthy and of the nature of old harem usages to endeavor to charm, but, all the same, her whole domestic well-being lies in the fact that she does charm. And whether she charms or not, a wife's duty, first of all, is to make home happy and attractive, and attention to a few points like these is one of the quickest and easiest ways of meeting that duty.

Irate Father—Young man, when I was your age, I earned my own money, and didn't get myself up in such shape as that.

Son—I'm sorry for you, pap, but I'm glad you cornered the wealth. Have you a couple of five's handy?

Fig 31.—No. 4807.—Ladies' Basque.
Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide, for 30 inches, 3½ yards; 32, 34 inches, 4 yards; 36 inches, 4¼ yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1¾ yards; 32, 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2¼ yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 2½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1¼ yards of 42-inch material, and 2⅝ yards of velvet and 1 yard of braid trimming will be required for the medium size.

No. 4801.—Ladies' Walking Skirt.
Price 30 cents.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 10 yards, or 42-inch goods, 5 yards. If made of materials illustrated, 4½ yards of 42-inch material and 1 yard of 21-inch velvet will be required for each size.

Fig. 31.—This figure shows two patterns: No. 4807, a lady's basque, and No. 4810, a walking skirt. The basque shows the new adjustment of folds, crossing from right to left, and usually differing in material from the left side, which is perfectly plain. A couple of rosettes adorn the folds at the belt. The sleeves of this simple though elegant model are moderately high and somewhat clinging below the shoulder-puff. The collar is high and rounded toward the joining. Price of waist, 25 cents.

The skirt shown in the second number, and on the same figure, is draped in front in Arab folds, which are carried toward the back, which is laid in deep box-pleats. A very broad fold, either of the main or drapery material—the same seen in the right-side folds on the bodice—starts at the knee-line and ends at the hem. This may be further enriched by fur on the hem, if desired. This skirt is eminently desirable as a walking-skirt, being elegant in effect and compact in make. Price of walking-skirt, 30 cents.

The Conqueror Conquered.

In Southern archipelagos he fought the bloody cannibal;
He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable;
Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word and not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable,
No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

Just then his wife came in and said: "I'd think it quite commendable
If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find him very tendable."
The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very leadable.

The Golden Age.

Who shall say what is the Golden Age of a woman's life? Is it sweet 16, gay 20, mellow 25, or easy-going, calculating 30? The girl who has learned to take things easy by lying in bed mornings, sipping coffee leisurely and, on the sly, puffing away at a cigarette, has reached the Golden Age of her existence, however old she may be in real years. "A man is as old as he feels. And a woman is as old as she looks" is a maxim that no one disputes. So, surely, if a woman is sensible enough to appear at ease and idle away the morning hours enjoying herself at doing nothing, she may be said to have reached that most charming period of any one's existence, the Golden Age.

Severe frosts and heavy snowfalls are reported throughout Europe. In Paris snow has fallen to a depth of several inches.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

Gives a Daily Prize of a Handsome China Tea Service.

One dollar will get you The Ladies' Journal for one year. If you send correct answers to the following questions along with your dollar:—Where in the Bible are these words first found, 1, Money; 2, Coal; 3, Wood; and if your letter is the first one received at The Ladies' Journal office any day between now and 25th March next, containing correct answers, you will get a handsome China Tea Service of 44 pieces. There is also three large lists of other valuable prizes, pianos, gold and silver watches, silver tea services, china dinner sets, silver dinner and tea knives, large cash rewards and scores of other prizes. Send ten cents in stamps and get a sample copy of The Journal containing these lists in full, or better still send your dollar and answers and get The Journal for 12 months. Address Editor J, Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. No matter where you live, you have a good opportunity to win this daily prize, as it is the first letter received each day.

TRUTH'S SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER.

The Old Reliable Gives a Gold Watch Every Day.

Till the 31st of January next, inclusive, the publisher of Toronto Truth will give every day, in connection with the Holiday Bible Competition now in progress, a Lady or Gentleman's Solid Gold Filled Hunting Case or Open Face Watch, with excellent movement. The gold watch will be given to the sender of the first letter received by mail, each day, at Truth Office in the regular way, containing correct answers to the questions: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: Cold, Frost.

All persons competing must send one dollar with their answers for which Truth will be sent weekly for four months. This daily gold watch prize is given *in addition* to the large list of prizes, such as pianos, bicycles, silver and china tea services, shotguns, rifles, books, gold and silver watches, and scores of other valuable articles. When you send in your dollar and get Truth you will see full particulars of the Annual Holiday Bible Competition, and you may get another big prize at the close of the competition in addition to the watch, if your answers are correct. Address, S. Frank Wilson, Truth, Toronto, Canada. Full lists of the Daily Prize Winners will be given in each week's issue of Truth.

A Stroke of Lightning.

So long as women will be foolish men will be deceptive. One day I sat behind a couple on an Ohio and Mississippi train, and it wasn't 10 minutes before I discovered that the girl was a village belle who knew nothing of the world, and that her companion was a traveller who saw in her a victim. Several others noticed them as well, but it was hard to see how anything could be done. He professed great admiration for the girl, and she blushingly queried:

"But how do I know you are not a married man?"

"Oh, but I assure you on my honor that I am not."

"Where do you live?"

"In Louisville."

"And you have neither wife nor children?"

"No."

At that instant the conductor came in with a telegram and called out the addr.es ,h'Tat's for me," said the man in the sesa

Meat Pie.—Cold roast beef, or pork, or both, cut in small piece. Place in buttered pudding dish. Fill the dish two-thirds full. Slice an onion and strew over it, adding the gravy, or nearly cover with water; sprinkle with flour; add small bits of butter, pepper and salt; cover with crust made as for biscuit; bake twenty minutes or half an hour, according to size.

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Keeping Accounts.

During the past few years there has been a great awakening on the part of the housekeepers of Canada to the fact that our manner of living has been exceedingly wasteful and luxurious. This has been carried to such a degree as unnecessarily to burden the head of the family and in some instances, the demands from the family for a larger income have been so urgent as to lead him even to commit crime to obtain the means to gratify extravagant tastes. Nine-tenths of the forgeries, robberies, and business failures are said to be directly traceable to a style of living in the home not compatible with the income.

Fortunately, the practice of economy is becoming more fashionable, and it is not so common as formerly to boast of setting an extravagant table, or of furnishing one's house expensively; now, men and women are consulting together in regard to ways and means of making a little do a good deal. The excellent housekeeping journals to be found in every home are inducing much thought and discussion of practical value.

We have learned and are learning much from other nations—from Italians, Germans, French, and even from the much-derided Chinese—about cheaper living. When we observe how foreigners live, when we see them coming and taking work from Canadian laborers because they will do it more cheaply, then living on less than one-quarter of even these small earnings which Canadian workmen refuse, and soon accumulating enough to insure a comfortable livelihood through old age—when we see this repeatedly, it may well cause us to pause and consider our ways. If this can be done by them why may not we with better wages, make a greater margin between our receipts and expenditures and so become independent? It is common for our workmen to live well, dress showily, travel somewhat, and indulge freely in various amusements, although they own home and have not one dollar in reserve with which to provide for emergencies. Is not such improvidence culpable? English ladies of blue blood wear, for years, dresses neatly darned and mended, and are not ashamed of it. Foreigners claim with truth, that many of our laborers live better than their titled nobility. Many of us have only to realize our shortcomings to correct the evil; we need to see a list of our expenditures in black and white to understand where we may retrench. We do not understand where the money has gone, as we are quite sure we have only bought what was needful. It is usually the many little things that pick away the money and when we add our figures we realize more fully how even a few cents become many dollars. The habit of careless and thoughtless expenditure can be corrected by forcing one's self "to count the cost."

How much has it cost you, housekeepers, the past year for the living expenses of your families? How much per week has it cost for rent, how much for fuel, how much on an average for the raw material of food consumed by each member of your family? Again, how much have you gained (or saved) for being boarding mistress for your family? In other words, how much less has it cost you, doing the work yourself, than for each of you to have boarded at a fair price, thus leaving your time free to devote to some other, perhaps lucrative employment?

Would it not be curious to have the privilege of comparing the different answers that might be given by one hundred different housewives, in different sections of the country, it may be, but all in similar circumstances? Some would learn by the results of their figures (but do these exist? "ay, there's the rub") that it would have been much less expensive for them to have boarded, as well as much easier for the home mistress. "Then has all my work been for naught?" asks the discouraged and hard-worked home-maker. No; probably not in any other way than financially, for you have given your family a sweet and enjoyable home life, not procurable even in the best of boarding houses. "But why have I not succeeded financially? I thought it was cheaper to keep house than to board."

There are many women who pity themselves for being kept in the treadmill of arduous housework, who, if it was suggested to them to board awhile and get rested, would declare they could not afford such an extravagance as boarding, when, at that very time their own expenses in their homes were one-third more than it would cost for good board. For such, would it not be a good idea to board awhile and take lessons from their boarding mistress in economical management? These good people have no idea that it does cost them more than to board and in that lies their fault. Is it not the duty of every housekeeper to take an inventory at least once a year, as the merchant does? Should she not make an estimate of her probable income for the ensuing year based on the expenses of the preceding year and then a corresponding estimate of what the outlay shall be, governing her ways accordingly? Should she not plan and execute her plans with care, forethought, and judgment, not permitting herself to live from hand to mouth, spending at haphazard and coming out at the end of the year always behind? The wealthy, perhaps, can afford to spend carelessly, but can we, whose incomes are limited and who have only the work of one man to earn for us the necessaries of life?

The matter of account-keeping is not so difficult as many imagine, and the practice, persisted in, soon becomes habit. You may keep your accounts in the simplest, easiest way—only, keep them; know where you stand, know how much it costs you to live. Enter with its date of purchase every article bought, every expenditure made. Keep your account book (costing five cents serves the purpose as well as one bound in morocco) hung in the handiest place, with a pencil always attached. Many abandon the habit because they wait for elaborate book-keeping, and for pen and ink.

Were Jay Gould drowning he would still try to float his bonds.

FIG. 30.—No. 4824.—LADIES' BELTED BLOUSE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 4¼ yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards; 34 inches, 4¾ yards; 36 inches, 3¾ yards; 38 inches, 5 yards; 40 inches, 5¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2⅓ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2⅝ yards; 36 inches, 2¾ yards; 38 inches, 2⅞ yards; 40 inches, 2⅞ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1¾ yards of 42-inch material, and 1⅛ yards of 21-inch silk will be required for the medium sizes.

No. 4612.—LADIES' GATHERED SKIRT. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26, 28 inches, 8¼ yards; 30, 32 inches 9⅜ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inches, 4¾ yards.

Ribbon velvet for the medium size, 12 yards.

Fig. 30.—The graceful and stylish model, Pattern No. 4824, shows a lady's belted blouse of the very latest style. The top is laid in small pleats of very novel and pretty effect. The collar—which should be of velvet or plush, while the blouse itself is prettiest in the finest among woolen materials—is of velvet. Flannel may be used with velveteen for the collar, belt, and cuffs—these are "parted" like the top of a gauntlet glove—and for the trimming of the skirt which forms the accompanying pattern. The sleeves are high, but not very much raised, and are gathered at the wrist and quite roomy at the elbow. A rosette finishes the broad belt of this desirable model. Price 25 cts.

In Pattern No. 4642 will be found the gathered skirt which although the above-given blouse may be worn with almost any skirt, is the best to go with it. It should be in the same fine woolen goods, or, if preferred, in flannel, "outing cloth," or cashmere of inexpensive kind, and is gathered at the belt, and falls all around the figure in full, straight folds. At the hem there is a very broad trimming of the belt, cuff, and collar material seen on the blouse, and above this broad band are two others, the top being the narrower. Price 30 cents.

But One Talent.

Ye who yourselves of larger worth esteem
Than common mortals, listen to my dream,
And learn the lessons of life's cozening chest,
The coinage of deceit.

—The angel, guardian of my youth and age,
Spread out before me an account-book's page,
Saying "This column marks what thou dost owe,—
The gain thou hast to show."

"Spirit," I said, "I know, alas too well
How poor the tale thy record has to tell,
Much I received,—the little I have brought
Seems by its side as naught.

"Five talents, all of Ophir's purest gold,
These five fair caskets ranged before thee hold;
The first can show a few poor shekels' gain,
The rest unchanged remain.

"Bringing my scanty tribute, overawed,
To Him who reapeth where He hath not strawed,
I tremble like a culprit when I count
My whole vast debt's amount.

"What will he say to one from whom were due
Ten talents, when he comes with less than two?
What can I do but shudder and await
The slothful servant's fate!"

—As looks a mother on an erring child
The angel looked me in the face and smiled:
"How couldst thou, reckoning with thyself, contrive
To count thy talents five?

"These caskets which thy flattering fancies gild,
Not all with Ophir's precious ore are filled;
Thy debt is slender, for thy gift was small;
One talent—that was all.

"This second casket, with its grave pretense,
Is weighty with thine Ignorance, dark and dense,
Save for a single glowworm's glimmering light
To mock its murky night.

"The third conceals the Dullness that was thine,
How could thy mind its lack of wit divine?
Let not what Heaven assigned thee bring thee blame;
Thy want is not thy shame.

"The fourth, so light to lift, so fair to see,
Is filled to bursting with thy Vanity,
The vaporous breath that kept thy hopes alive
By counting one as five.

"These held but little, but the fifth held less—
Only blank vacuum, naked nothingness,
An idiot's portion. He who gave it knows
Its claimant nothing owes.

"Thrice happy paper he whose last account
Shows on the debtor side the least amount!
The more thy gifts, the more thy needs must pay
On life's dead reckoning day."

—Humbled, not grieving to be undeceived,
I woke, from fears of hopeless debt relieved;
From sparing gifts but small returns are due—
Thank Heaven, I had so few!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Two Lovers.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
The bell made happy carolings,
The air was soft as winning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love has sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide
And drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

—GEORGE ELIOT

Luxury in Travel.

Elegant new buffet sleeping cars, especially built for this service, leave Union station daily, except Sunday, at 4.55 p.m., running through without change to New York City over the popular West Shore route. Lunches are served on these cars, and they contain every comfort and convenience, and are so perfect in all their appointments that a trip to New York is made a pleasure, all tedious transfers and the annoyance of lunch counters being dispensed with. Sundays leave Toronto at 12.20 p. m. connecting with through car at Hamilton.

He—"Hello! I wonder where my hat has gone?" She (glancing at the clock)—"It must have gone home."

PERSONAL.

The late Miss Marianne North was one of the most notable of English women. About twenty years ago, being rich and independent, she went alone to India, China, Japan, Australia, California, the South Sea Islands, and the West Indies to study the native flora. She penetrated where few men had set foot, and in twelve years of exploration made a priceless collection of plants and drawings, which she deposited at Kew Gardens, in a museum built at her own expense, and presented as a free gift to the nation. Miss North was not only a naturalist, a linguist, and an explorer, but an artist, a musician, and a most brilliant talker, as well as a noble-hearted woman.

Monsieur Charles Francois Feln, the famous armless painter of Flanders, pronounced the greatest living copyist, and eminent also as a portrait-painter, has lately celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Born without arms, but early showing artistic instincts, he was taught by his devoted mother to use his feet almost as nimbly as other children use their hands, and he owes her not only fame and fortune, but a cheerful spirit which has made him hosts of friends.

Dr. Rose Wright Bryan, of New York, has established something new under the sun. This is a cupeptic lunch-room, where the dyspeptic may go and be happy. This refuge is called "The Aryan," is found at No. 20 East Twentieth Street, and is furnished with such foods only as nature, interpreted by Dr. Bryan, intended mankind to eat.

Miss Sabry Seamans, of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a thrifty householder, seventy-three years of age, does her own domestic work, keeps a large hennery, takes care of her garden, weaves hundreds of yards of rag carpet every year, and works out her road tax with shovel, hoe, and wheelbarrow, and with an honest thoroughness that makes the heart of the road-master to rejoice.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, well known for her successful attempt to prepare sterilized milk on her New Hampshire farm for the use of New York babies, has been sifting statistics to ascertain whether college-bred women are indifferent mothers. She finds that nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record never before equalled in any class, age, or country. Mrs. Wood is herself a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a strong writer, a steady and brilliant speaker on social and reformatory topics, a power in society, the scientific secretary of her husband—a well-known physician—and a model mother.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Rappicourt, of Melbourne, Australia, took honors in Greek and French at Melbourne University at the age of sixteen. Now, at the age of nineteen, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with one hundred and ninety-six competitors, the diligent young lady secures 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest rank ever taken in such a competition. She hopes to take her degree of M. A., and to study law.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, when Miss Dorothy Tennant, was almost the first lady in London to practice "slumming." She used to befriend little street vagabonds, and reward them for good behavior by teaching them to play familiar airs with one finger on her piano, and sing them to this accompaniment. She relates of her experiments with much delight, that one young gutter-snipe was heard to render "Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the wave!" as follows:

"Rule, Britallion!
Britallion rules the whales,
True-harted Britons
Never, never shall be slain."

Two pretty stories are just now told about Von Moltke. One is that on taking out his purse to pay a cabman after a rather long ride, the cabman started his horse, cried out, "No, no; it has been a great honor for me, Herr Feld marschall," and drove off, to receive next day the Count's photograph, with the words, "To his cab-driver." And the other is that an American lady, with a young daughter, staying at the hotel where the great soldier was attending a regimental banquet, sent him a photograph of himself, which she asked him to sign, and so give more pleasure to the girl on her seventeenth birthday than all her presents had done. In reply, mother and daughter were invited to the supper-room, were treated by Von Moltke with the kindest hospitality, and received the photograph, on which was written, "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have not seen the righteous forsaken."

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Fig. 54.—No 4817.—Girls' Dress. Price, 20 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 4 years, 4¼ yards; 5 years, 4¾ yards; 6 years, 5 yards; 7 years, 5¼ yards; 8 years, 5½ yards 9 years, 6 yards; 10 years, 6¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 4 years, 2⅜ yards; 5 years, 2¾ yards; 6 years, 2½ yards; 7 years, 2⅝ yards; 8 years, 2¾ yards; 9 years, 3 yards; 10 years, 3⅛ yards.

If made of material illustrated, 2 yards of 42-inch material, 1½ yards of velvet, and 5 yards of ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size.

Fig 54.—The reader will find, Pattern No. 4817, an unusually pretty and stylish model for a girl's dress, showing the novel combination of woolen plaid material with velvet sleeves and adorned with a tastefully disposed trimming of passementerie, which if preferred, may be embroidery. The waist is gathered at the belt in full folds. The skirt is also gathered, and two rosettes are placed on the belt-line. The velvet sleeves, which may be of plush if desired, are somewhat high on the shoulder. The velvet forms a vest effect above a point cut out in the bodice, and there is a very high collar which, like the vest-piece, is adorned with the passementerie or hand-work. Then, again, where the armhole is seen, a band of the trimming laid upon a band of the velvet, and surrounding the top of the arm, is displayed, this trimming turning toward the neck and so broad as almost to meet the collar. The wrists are without a cuff and are tight. Price 20 cents.

The Hour Before the Crucifixion.

"The divine nature of Christ appeared very plainly in His declaration that all was fore-known and fore-arranged. *This is your hour and the power of darkness.* There are no accidents in the government of God. The horrors of these hours were robbed of half their terror when this great truth was declared. What is so striking in all this scene as the calmness of Jesus? He has accepted His Father's will. Every step is now arranged for. This is, indeed, *your hour;* but it is so only because God permits it. Bound firmly by its cable to pier the vessel may be borne to and fro by the storm, but it is secure. Hold fast by this confidence and we are safe. God will let the hour and power of darkness so just as far as is needful for His own purposes, but no further.

The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall reign to-morrow.

Penncaline (gleefully)—"My last batch of poems to the Hightone Magazine has not been returned so far." Mrs. P.—"It has probably been miscarried."

For a Rainy Evening.

Rainy-day amusements are always in demand, and especially for that time of the year when it is hardly cold enough for the great fires, but one is very willing to have a little blaze upon the hearth, or feels no disinclination to the neighborhood of an argand gas-burner. One of the pleasantest of these amusements, in the beginning and in the end, is that of making candy in the dining-room—the caramel, the glace walnut, and the various kinds of nougat. If one has a fixture for the drop-light of the dining table, where one is used, or, if there is no gas, an Etna or alcohol lamp, one may accomplish some delicate work in sugar that a confectioner need not be ashamed of.

It is a good plan to remove the table-cloth, and replace it by a coarser cover, and to have your few utensils kept for the purpose. Begin, then, by bringing a little water to boil in your saucepan while you are shelling about a quarter of a pound of almonds; throw them into the boiling water for a moment or two, then pour out into a small wire sieve held over a bowl, when you can easily rub off the skins—the blanching process. Have them then put in the refrigerator; if spread out one by one, as they can be by passing the hand over them, and the dish set flat upon the ice, they will be cool enough presently to cut into long narrow strips with a sharp knife, after which they are best sent out to the kitchen and put into the oven for a few minutes to dry off well. As soon as your almonds are thus made ready, put into your saucepan a quarter of a pound, or four heaping-table-spoonfuls of sugar—not the confectioner's fine sugar, but the common white granulated—with one dessert-spoonful of water only, and stir it till it is quite melted; some one else will in the meantime have buttered for you a very shallow pan, or other tin dish. The moment that your sugar is thoroughly melted, and before it has a chance to boil, throw in your almonds, continue to stir for about a minute and then pour out and put on the cool window-ledge to "set," and you will have a delicate nougat, good enough for any sweet-tooth. This may be varied by using any nuts attainable, always excepting pea-nuts, which vulgarize and injure the flavor of any candy, spreading them out over the bottom of the buttered pan, and putting four tablespoonfuls of water to the same amount of sugar as before, bringing it not only to the melting but to the boiling point, and pouring it out evenly over the nuts. Another and at once richer and more delicate sort can be made with a little more trouble by powdering and sifting an ounce of gum-arabic, and setting it away for half an hour in four tablespoonfuls of water, and then gradually heat it by setting it inside a larger vessel of boiling water till the gum dissolves. At this, strain the result through a fine wire sieve upon three very heaping table-spoonfuls, or five level ones, of confectioner's sugar, and stir it over the fire till it turns white and thick like a laundress's starch when she pours on boiling water. While you are stirring this, which should be during a good half-hour, or a little more, let some one else beat up about half the white of an egg (it increases the pleasure if the work be divided among several), adding to it at the last instant half a teaspoonful of vanilla, or as much rose-water, if preferred, and stir this in just as the sugar and gum-arabic are taken from the fire, and then add at once a quarter of a pound of already blanched and minced sweet almonds, with two or three bitter ones to heighten the flavor. Let whatever dish you pour it into then be well floured with fine sifted flour, with corn-starch, or maizena, or arrow-root, as cooks flour their biscuit pans, and set it away to cool.

The Bridge Mystery.

The story of the man who stood on London bridge and offered gold sovereigns for sale at 6d. apiece is well know, but it points a moral, to wit:—That there are lots of good things to be had by keeping one's eyes open. All the best doctors in the Dominion agree that the new undervests for ladies and children, just introduced as the Health Brand are about the best thing they have ever seen, being both luxurious to wear and making it almost impossible to take cold. When you go down town step into W. A. Murray & Co.'s and ask them to show you this article, and you will see at once that you can go out in any wind or weather with perfect safety if you wear them.

Not Exactly

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick abed?"

"Not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick a-sofa."

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday.—

Dawn purples all the east and light;
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright;
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin;
Farewell to darkness and to sin!

Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart!
Let ever ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught!

So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we learnt below.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

—*Anonymous.*

Tuesday.—The way to begin a Christian life is not to study theology. Piety before theology. Right living will produce right thinking. Yet many men when their consciences are aroused, run for catechisms and commentaries and systems. They do not mean to be shallow Christians. They intend to be thorough if they enter upon the Christian life at all. Now theologies are well in their place, but repentance and love must come before all other experiences.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Wednesday—The Roman Catholic Church of the middle ages took under its guardianship all the relations of life, all life's energies and manifestations, the whole man, physical and moral. Nor can it be denied that thereby much peaceful happiness was created, life glowed with an inner warmth, and the arts, like silently growing flowers, unfolded themselves in a splendor that is to this day our astonishment, and that we, with all our hastily-acquired knowledge, cannot imitate. But the spirit has its eternal rights, it is neither to be hemmed in by prohibitions, nor lulled to sleep by church bells; it threw down its prison walls and severed the iron leading-strings that bound it to mother church. In the ecstasy of freedom it swept wildly over the whole earth, ascended the highest peaks of the mountains, shouted aloud in very wantonness, thought over old time doubts, speculated on the wonder of the day, and counted the stars of night.—*Anonymous.*

Thursday—We know not yet the number of the stars; the mystery of the day is still unsolved; the old doubts have become mighty questionings in our souls—but are we happier now than heretofore? We know that this question is not easy of answer in the affirmative as regards the multitude; but we know also that the happiness for which we are indebted to a lie can be no true happiness, and that in certain solitary fragmentary moments of god-like intention, a higher dignity of soul, a purer happiness, is ours than in long vegetating years of blind faith.—*Heinrich Heine.*

Friday—

My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just
My soul with comfort knows.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

—*Anonymous.*

Saturday—Consider this point a little! We go to Scotland, or wherever it may be, in a railway train, and straightway before our eyes there flesh a continual series of "scenes" from nature as the train rushes on. Are these pictures? Not a bit of it. We have no preference for one moment's view over another, unless it be that we catch sight of some little incident of rustic or urban life—a girl standing beside her sweetheart watching the train, a boy shepherding in the fields, some laborers toiling homeward through the evening shadows. For all or any of these trivial matters will, so to speak, identify the scene with ourselves, and a quicker than electric inter-change of sympathies takes place between us; and though the express be flying along a sixty miles an hour, our hearts have outstripped its speed, and are the richer for one more of those definite human impressions by which, all unconsciously, the fabric of our life is built.—[H. Quilter.

Lovely Hair.

Up and away, the best thing for washing the hair is hard soap, procured from the kitchen. Make a strong suds, rub it quickly on the hair and just as quickly wash it off again. This removes superfluous oil and leaves the hair in good condition for a general rubbing and shampooing with warm water and perfumed toilet soap. Soap suds, thickened with glycerine and the white of an egg, are responsible for the lovely, satiny gloss to be seen in the back coils of so many of our pretty society lassies.

LITERARY NOTES.

The publishers of *The Youth's Companion* have sent us a handsome Souvenir with the announcements of authors and articles for the next year's volume. It has seven Illuminated pages, one for every day in the week, very quaint in style, the whole forming a "Book of Days," and each page illustrating a line of the old rhyme:

"Monday for Health,
Tuesday for Wealth,
Wednesday the Best Day of all;
Thursday for Losses,
Friday for Crosses,
Saturday No Luck at all;
Sunday the Day that is Blest
With Heavenly Peace and Rest."

This novel and unique Calendar is sent free to all New Subscribers to *The Companion* who send $1.75 for a year's subscription and request it at the time they subscribe.

The Companion will also be sent to January, 1891, free, and for a full year from that date, including the Five Double Holiday Numbers and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements. *The Companion* is already a favorite in half a million homes, and old as well as young enjoy its weekly visits.

The December *Arena* celebrated the opening of its third volume by appearing in a handsome new cover of pearl gray background, printed in deep blue and silver. The effect, while rich and striking, is in good taste and highly artistic. The table of contents will delight all intelligent readers. It is strong, thought-provoking and entertaining. Indeed of late each issue of *The Arena* has seemed to surpass its predecessors, and the December number is no exception. The frontispiece is a remarkably fine portrait of Count Tolstoi made from a photograph taken from a life size painting of the Count. It is a striking picture, and will be greatly prized by admirers of the great Russian author. The opening paper is on "The Christian Doctrine of Non-resistance," and embodies the views of Count Tolstoi and Rev. Adin Ballou as set forth in an extensive correspondence carried on during this year by these two great modern apostles of the doctrine of non-resistance. Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes a delightful paper entitled "Then and Now," which will be enjoyed by every reader whether grave or gay, as it contains profound philosophy while it is written in a bright entertaining vein. Prof. N. S. Shaler appears in a strong paper on "The Nature of the Negro." This is one of the most valuable essays on the race problem which has yet appeared, in that it gives us an insight into the nature and possibilities of the negro and the Afro-American. Professor Shaler is followed by a broad-spirited and able paper by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the well-known pastor of Plymouth Church, on "What is Christianity?" Helen H. Gardener appears in a splendid contribution entitled "Thrown in with the City's Dead." It is a narrative of the manner in which New York treated her mentally, morally, and physically dead; a frightful picture, the portrayal of which should do much good. A full-page photogravure of Miss Gardener accompanies this essay. Hamlin Garland contributes a story of remarkable merit entitled "A Private's Return." Among the other contributors are Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Mabel Hayden, T. T Tertune, and Victor Yarros. The usual department of editorial notes contains short papers on "A Transition Period," "Fronting the Future," and "Conservatism and Sensualism, an Unhallowed Alliance," the last paper being a scathing criticism of the pseudo moralists, who seek to film over the social ulcers of fashionable life. The publishers announce that the first edition of the December *Arena* is thirty thousand copies, which indicates how strongly this review has taken hold of public favor, in the brief space of one year.

The Christmas edition of the Cosmopolitan Magazine is one hundred thousand copies. The order, as originally given to the printers, was for 85,000 copies, but while on the press it was thought advisable to increase the number to 100,000. It contains a feature never before attempted by any magazine, consisting of 123 cartoons from the brush of Dan Beard, the now famous artist, who did such wonderful illustrations in Mark Twain's book, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page of the magazine, and take for their subject, "Christmas during the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era" with variations, showing the way in which we modern christians carry out some of the hief texts of the Christian Gospel. Above, and at each side of the page is a quaint border, the whole effect being novel and extremely pleasing, and with the unusually varied table of contents, will make such a Christmas number as is worthy to go into more than 100,000 households. The frontispieces of the Cosmopolitan have of late become noted for their beauty, some of them having as much as four printings. That for Christmas, while in but two printings, is not behind anything that has preceded it in artistic merit. An excellently illustrated article is one on teapots, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Literary Boston is treated with numerous portraits, and an article which comes with the ninetieth birthday of Von Moltke, sketches the life of the great Field-Marshal in an interesting way, and is by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Elizabeth Bisland has one of her charming articles. *The Christmas issue contains 228 illustrations*, nearly double the number that have ever appeared in any illustrated magazine.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1890 is in no respect inferior to its predecessors, either in the excellence of its reading matter or the beauty of its illustrations. Among the list of contributors to this volume we notice the names of William Dean Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Margaret E. Sangster, Richard Malcolm Johnston, William Hamilton Gibson, Dora Read Goodale, Howard Pyle, and many other favorite American writers. The pictures are by such artists as Gibson, Farny, Smedley, Rogers, Dielman, Thulstrup, Pyle, Rosina Emmett Sherwood, and many others equally famous. The volume is issued in good time for the holiday season.

Mary E. Wilkins contributes to the Thanksgiving number of *Harper's Young People*, published November 25th, a story appropriate to the season, entitled "Thankful." Edgar A. Poe, Captain of the Princeton College Eleven, writes about "Foot-ball" for the same number.

The first instalment of a new serial by Thomas Hardy, entitled "A Group of Noble Dames" appears in *Harper's Weekly*, published November 26th.

Scribner's Magazine for December is a holiday number (with a special bronze cover) containing seven illustrated articles, in which a remarkable list of artists is represented, including Robert Blum, Domenico Morelli, Harry Furniss, Howard Pyle, A. F. Jacassy, C. D. Gibson, W. L. Taylor, and W. L. Metcalf. Among the contributions are Sir Edwin Arnold's first paper on Japan; Humphry Ward's description of the famous London picture salesroom, known as "Christie's;" W. H. Rideing's picturesque account of Amy Robsarts's country; A. F. Jacassy's article on a great contemporary artist—Domenico Morelli; and three short stories, which in feeling and motive are especially suited to the Christmas season Their authors—Octave Thanet, Richard Harding Davis, and George A. Hibbard—are well known to the readers of *Scribner's* in which for the most part their work appears. The poems of the issue include Helen Leah Reed's Sargent prize translation of Horace, Book III., Ode XXIX, (won by her over sixteen male competitors in Harvard University); and contributions by Richard Henry Stoddard, Duncan Campbell Scott, and James Herbert Morse. A unique feature in magazine illustration is "A Pastoral Without Words," twelve drawings by Howard Pyle, which tell their own story without the aid of text. They have been delicately engraved. *Scribner's* closes the year high in the estimation of the public, and as the prospectus for 1890 promises even greater achievements than those of the past a largely increased sale for the coming year will certainly result.

Captain Charles King, U. S. A., contributes the complete novel to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is entitled "An Army Portia," and is characterized by that dash and breezy style which make all of Captain King's stories such entertaining reading. Several of the characters of one of the author's former successful novels, "Two Soldiers," make their reappearance in this new story. The "Army Portia" is a charming young girl who rescues her lover from the toils of a designing villain, and, by showing that certain evidence was manufactured, clears him before a court-martial when everything points to his speedy conviction. The manner in which the public press is apt to malign army officers without sufficient investigation into the charges preferred is brought out in startling colors. The "Army Portia" is one of the very strongest stories that its prolific author has yet written, and bids fair to be one of the successes of the season.

No publications for home and young folks are more popular than those of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. We have received the 1891 announcements of those sterling magazines, *Babyland*, *Little Men and Women* and *Pansy*, and we are surprised and delighted at the variety of the attractions promised. No home should be without all three of these beautiful periodicals. *Babyland* and *Little Men and Women* are only fifty cents a year, and *Pansy* one dollar. Send to publishers for sample copy.

The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* surpasses all other efforts in this direction, and this is saying a good deal, seeing that each issue of this excellent periodical is so nearly perfect. Besides several Christmas stories, the second instalment of "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and "The Boy Settlers," is given. These stories will be looked for with increasing interest from month to month. *St. Nicholas* has now entered upon its eighteenth year, and will continue to occupy the high place it has reached in juvenile literature.

A high order of stories, poems, articles and pictures fill the Christmas *Wide Awake* from cover to cover, while brilliant new type and the discardment of columns give the pages a very fresh and attractive look, and we learn that the Magazine is permanently enlarged to one hundred pages. Leading attractions include a new Peppers serial by Margaret Sidney, the promised railroad serial, "Cab and Caboose," By Kirk Munroe, "Drawing the Child-Figure," the first of twelve pictorial drawing-lesson papers (with monthly prizes) by Miss Caroline Rimmer, daughter of Dr. Rimmer the art-anatomist and sculptor, and "Marietta's Good Times," an Italian serial by a well-known Italian woman in Boston. The short stories, papers and poems (and there is a full treasury of them, making a Christmas-stocking book in fact) are by Sallie Pratt McLean Greene, Emma Sherwood Chester, Graham R. Tomson, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Charlotte M. Vail, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Rev. George Whyte, Miss Hawley, John C. Carpenter, Margaret Eytinge, Miss Poulsson, Mrs. Claflin and Prof. Otis T. Mason. A special feature is the fac-simile reproduction of Mrs. Hemans's original manuscript of "The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," which was brought to America by James T. Fields. The price of *Wide Awake* will remain at $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

Voices.

I knew it must be her child, for she had her mother's voice."

We speak of eyes as the "seat of the soul," of the lips as the "door of the heart." We say that "beauty's ensign is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks;" we praise the graceful figure.

For of the soule the bodie form doth take
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

But we do not give so much heed to the human voice, the "music of humanity," yet it is an all-important member. How a beautiful voice redeems a coarse, harsh-featured face. "What plea so tainted and corrupt but, being seasoned with a gracious voice, obscures the show of evil!" How a harsh or a discordant voice mars the perfections of a lovely face, as much, if not more, than an evil expression or a want of expression obscures the best features and degrades them into a mere well-chiseled mask.

Voices are often hereditary, and they often run in families. Daughters will sometimes speak so like their mothers that it is difficult to distinguish between them, or a set of sisters will have so exactly the same quality, quantity, and tone of voice that it is much the same as if one spoke for all.

Sometimes, though very rarely, a whole family are endowed with a clear, musical voice, the very sound of which in ordinary conversation is sweetly pleasant to the ear. Even when raised in eager argument or enthusiastic debate it never grows shrill, hard, or discordant.

Other voices, on the contrary, and, unfortunately, they are also, and far oftener, propagated by whole family likenesses, are just the opposite of pleasing. They are always pitched so high as to give one an unhappy feeling that a very little more strain would snap their vocal chord; the quality of their voice is thin and shrill and untuneful, causing an unpleasant tickling sensation in the throat of those who listen to them. They may be justly called the peacocks of the human race, and their voice is as unmusical and as ear-piercing as that of those beautiful birds and ugly singers.

A beautiful, hearty, natural laugh is twin-brother to a beautiful voice, yet even rarer. And, as it is impossible to create a beautiful voice, so it is impossible to create a natural beautiful laugh. It must come by nature or it will not come at all. There are many artificial imitations, but the true ring of the beautiful laugh is different to them all, and incapable of imitation. We have heard it burst forth spontaneously at the age of seventy, fresh and vigorous, in a roomful of people, and carry them all away by the sheer force of its own irresistible merriment.

Jinks—"What a fellow Baggs is for filling up his inner man." Hanks—"I should say so! He often gives his inner man such a jag he carry that his outer man staggers under the load.'

Women and Veils.

Few women, young or old, who wear veils, have any notion that they are perpetuating a barbarous custom which had its origin in the desire of semi-savage man to hied away and seclude the woman of his choice.

In the early stage of society, women were regarded in the light of property. A usual way of procuring one was to knock her down with a club, and it was necessary to prevent her being stolen by using the same sort of safeguards as were adopted for the protection of other valuables. As a matter of course, the husband could not be always at hand, owing to exigencies of war or the chase, and so his only available plan was to hide his wife in a secure place, as he might have done with any other possession that he was anxious to retain.

It is a survival of this custom of hiding the women that is found to this day in many Eastern countries. Chinese ladies are never seen abroad any more than are women of condition among the Hindoos. In Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and other lands similar habits are observed. Among some of these peoples, however, the custom of seclusion has taken on another phase. The women, when permitted to go out, carry their hiding with them in the shape of a veil. At the beginning this is an opaque cloth wrapped around and around the face and body, 10 or more yards often being used for the purpose in the Orient.

The Tartars seclude their women, but they do it by wrapping them up, because they are a moving people and must carry the seraglio with them. In Africa the Moors disguise the ladies of their harems in like manner when the latter venture abroad, while in Syria women wear long veils which are elevated above the tops of their heads by what might be called horns of paper or wool attached to the crown. It is to this custom that the Bible refers when it speaks of having one's horn exalted. The higher the horn, of course the greater the appearance of dignity. Among the ancient Jews the veil was but little affected, the custom being for women to consort freely with men.

For ages past it has been the fashion for women to seclude themselves in times of mourning—more particularly when the mourning was for a departed husband. The Hindoo widow to-day is secluded for life. In the mourning veil worn by widows among our own people is to be found a survival of this ancient mode.

From being intended for the purpose of hiding the woman, the veil was modified among the old Romans and Greeks so as to become an article of graceful drapery flowing from the back of the head. Nowadays a further stage in its evolution has transformed it into a mere shadowy protection for the face, designed as a preservative of beauty. Oculists say, that even in this shape, it is most destructive to the eyesight.

God Only Knows.

Whither we are going with hurrying feet
Forms that are passing to-night on the street
Faces all sunny and faces all sad,
Hearts that are weary and hearts that are glad,
Eyes that are heavy with sorrow and strife
Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and life;
Pictures of pleasure and crosses of care,
Going, all going, God only knows where!

Hands that have earnestly striven for bread,
Hands that are soiled with dishonor instead;
Hearts that are tuned to a purpose sublime,
Hearts all discordant and jangled with crime,
Souls that are pure and as white as the snow,
Souls that are black as the midnight of woe
Gay in their gladness or drunk in despair,
Going, all going, God only knows where.

Some to the feast where the richest red wine
And the rarest of jewels will sparkle and shine
Some in their hunger will wander and some
Will sleep nor awaken when morning shall come.
The robed and the ragged, the foe and the friend,
All of them hurrying onto the end;
Nearing the grave with curse or a prayer,
Going, all going, God only knows where!

The Phonograph.

Electricity has certainly done wonders as a means of saving labour. The telephone has nearly done away with the message boy, and now the phonograph threatens to supplant the stenographer. If the typewriter could be so manipulated as to do away with the constant strain upon the nerves and muscles of the young ladies that at present have to bear the brunt of the battle in the war for wealth, what a boon to the gentle sex it would be; but as it is the constant bending over the machine, frequently in a close office, is apt to destroy the free action of the lungs. Nothing prevents this better than a pure wool undervest next to the skin, the health brand as recommended by the leading members of the medical faculty. No woman ought to be without it. The genuine is marked "Health," and are obtainable at any first class dry goods hou

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

JANUARY, 1891.

Printed and Published by S. FRANK WILSON, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, at $1.00 per year, or 50c for six months.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

How near the days which, in contrast to the autumn days, may be called the "gayest of the year," and how many and various the styles in which to garb oneself for the coming festivities! It seems more than likely that we shall have what is called a "fur season," for the reason that fur will be lavishly worn as trimming, whatever the winter temperature. It will hardly be so warm as to exclude this supremely fashionable decoration, acceptable even as a bar to the evils of humidity.

In the matter of trimmings, so lavish is their use this season that they may almost be said to make the dress. The ever-reliable Paris letter, from our foreign correspondent, has already announced to our readers the coming-in of the magnificent fringes which are used abroad and imported for use on this side, while of passementeries, velvet ribbon, embroidery lace, ribbons of figured and plain satin, tinsel and jet, the display will be truly unprecedented. Of fur, especially, while Russian sable appears on the most elegant and costly garments, even the least expensive are not excluded as garniture, nor are the really pretty imitations of astrakhan, etc., except by those very conservative persons who object to any imitations of anything.

The backs of skirts are laid in organ pleats, as the most liked of all late shapes of this kind, and, again, are straight, loosely pleated, and gathered. The sides and fronts, while following the fancy of the wearer as to trimming, are, when governed by the latest modes, draped over the front toward the left side.

The width of the skirt dose not exceed two yards and a half in the most stylish garments. This gives ample fullness. There is no stiffening in the trains of evening, ball or reception dresses, and only one reed is worn in stylish walking-costumes or home dresses. This sustains the full back. It is scarcely necessary to state that with Empire dresses no reeds are worn. The long, clinging coat-like garment, which is seen in our illustrations, with its large sleeves and plain skirt, will be largely used for calls and afternoon receptions, and for this style of garment the rich Bengalines displaying stripes, dots of the size of a pea on very large circles, and "apple" spots, or black figures on a ground of bright or somber color, or on plain black as well as stripes, resembling richly flowered ribbon, on grounds of dark hue, will be used, as well as the new brocades.

The princesse gown reappears also, and displays the new brocades, which will be found fully described in "Seasonable Fabrics," further on.

The simpler forms are used for the woolen dresses, which have coat-like waists coming down over the hips with "tails" which are attached to the waist out of sight, and of which the aim is to lengthen the waist-line as well as to give more width—and for this they are frequently pleated when the hips are too narrow—a new freak of the ladies' tailors resident here.

Many skirts are of the plain "habit" shape. The stylish plaids show a vest of velvet or satin of contrasting hue, but often of black when the material used is velvet, the supreme favorite.

Sashes tied on the front will be worn, and these also will be seen in velvet, finished on the ends with a rich fringe. Where the vest is of corduroy the sash will have a band of the same above the fringe.

In some cases there will be but one seam worn in the back of the bodices of cloth gowns. This takes the centre, and gives a still greater resemblance to a man's coat than is attained by the larger number of seams.

The high collar is retained as well as the open fronts, in many instances. Various stylish examples display a habit skirt, high sleeves, and a vest having a broadly cut front and extremely long postilion back.

In fact, the postilion back has now attained a length which brings the termination of it so low that, in imported examples, a line run round the figure would almost correspond to that ending at the knee.

The dresses for receptions and weddings have frequently—indeed whenever it is not utterly unbecoming—a high Medici collar in feathers or lace, or, if cut low, the berthe is worn, and the new puffed hips. The unstiffened train has but three breadths. The same style prevails in dinner dresses of the more showy kind. Sleeves reaching to the elbow, a high collar tapering gradually down the front, and the festooned top-breadths will be found in these garments as imported from houses whose shapes are adopted here. The puffs of satin attached to the waist and imitating the Catherine de' Medici and Henry the Second of France pictures, are among the novelties of shapes.

The long polonnises have the back and sides in princesse shape, the bodice being still pointed. The combination with contrasting material is displayed by the opening on one side of the shirt which has but little draping. The simplicity of this shape recommends it for cloth, silk or cheviot. Under the long cloak it is not in the way.

Frequent examples will be found at a reliable establishment where a plastron of shirring is seen on a V-shaped bodice, and fronts meeting or crossing, below which the plastron again appears. Silk chiffon forms the berthe of some wedding and reception dresses. A belt and rich shoulder-knots will be worn, of either velvet or brocaded ribbon, with pretty dinner gowns for young ladies.

Where two materials are used in a skirt the back will frequently shows kilts on one side and a panel on the other. The Greek overskirt will be found with such a dress. While the sides do not match in the best-liked skirts, all skirts are full, that is to say, not clinging.

Clinging effects are not, however, excluded from certain "exceptional" foreign models, which will be found fully described in our foreign letter.

This leaves so large a margin that it enables persons who have their dresses made at home to have a wide range of choice. The scope. The scope, this season, may be said to be less limited than usual.

The Needle Industry in France.

A telegram from Paris says:—The Municipal Council of St Ormer has decided to celebrate next year the 400th anniversary of the foundation of the first needle manufactory in France by Christopher Greening, an Englishman. The process of manufacture was greatly improved by one of Greening's successors, Jean Gruez, who made a large fortune, and the reputation of St Ormer's needles spread even abroad, surviving in England until the last century. The needle industry in France is at present in a decaying condition, all the finer sorts of needles sold in France being made in England.

TRUTH'S SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER.

The Old Reliable Gives a Gold Watch Every Day.

Till the 31st of January next, inclusive, the publisher of Toronto TRUTH will give every day, in connection with the Holiday Bible Competition now in progress, a Lady or Gentleman's Solid Gold Filled Hunting Case or Open Face Watch, with excellent movement. The gold watch will be given to the sender of the first letter received by mail, each day, at TRUTH Office in the regular way, containing correct answers to the questions: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: COLD, FROST.

All persons competing must send one dollar with their answers for which TRUTH will be sent weekly for four months. This daily gold watch prize is given *in addition* to the large list of prizes, such as pianos, bicycles, silver and china tea services, shotguns, rifles, books, gold and silver watches, and scores of other valuable articles. When you send in your dollar and get TRUTH you will see full particulars of the Annual Holiday Bible Competition, and you may get another big prize at the close of the competition in addition to the watch, if your answers are correct. Address, S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH, Toronto, Canada. Full lists of the Daily Prize Winners will be given in each week's issue of TRUTH.

A Fine Chicken.

"What are you doing there?" exclaimed a grocer, angrily turning upon an old negro who had just slipped a dressed chicken under his coat.

"Jes' but'um' up my coat, sah. Feels er slight change in de weder. "Hump," he said when he found that he could not button his coat, "I's gittin' so fat dat I's outgrowin' all my cloze. Wall, I mus' be goin.'

"Say, before you go, take that chicken out from under your coat and perhaps you can button it."

"Whut chicken?"

"The one you've got under your coat."

"I declar,' boss, yer's de mos' 'spicious pusson I eber seed in my life. Puts me in mind o'er gen'leman I knowed onct"—

"Never mind about gentlemen you have known. Take that chicken from under your coat or I'll call a policeman."

"Whut, jes fur er little bit uv er chicken like dis?' he asked, removing the chicken and throwing it into a tub. "W'y, boss, I'd hate mightly ter be ez close ez yerse'f is. Dat chicke ain't much bigger'n er snowbird nohow."

"Now, get out of here."

"Whut fur?'"

"Because you are a thief."

"Yer ought ter be 'shamed o' yerse'f ter talk dat way ter ez old er pusson ez I is. I wouldn cuze er pusson o' stealin' tell I had dun prubed it on 'im. Boss, ez yer ain' willin' ter trus'me, please, sah, step back dar by de stove an' git my hat fur me."

When the grocer had turned his back, the old rascal took up a large chicken and hid it under his coat. "Thankee, sah," he said when the grocer had given him his hat. "Mighty sorry dat yer 'spicioned me. Say, boss, de truf is, I's one o' dese klipter-maniacs."

"Yes, you are one of these klipter thieves."

"Wall. I won't argy wid yer. Good night I tell you whut it is," he said to himself when he had passed out, "er pusson got ter pay fur callin' me names. I puts er fine on em right dar. Huh, whut er monst'ous fine chicken dis is."

Prof. Koch, it seems, is not the only man in Germany who is attracting public attention by the wonderful cures he is performing. The Professor's rival is not a scientist, but a theologian, Father Kneip, the village priest of Voerishofen, who advertises himself as able to cure all the ills and maladies to which flesh is heir. His methods are certainly peculiar and startling enough. In a Munich letter published a few days ago a description is given of some of the remedies prescribed by His Reverence. They include walking bare-footed in wet grass, on frozen ground, or in freshly fallen snow, and their efficaciousness has been proved in a large number of cases, the most notable being that of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, the well-known banker at Vienna. In one thing, no doubt, the priest-physician will be opposed, that is, when he recommends sauerkraut as the most healthy article of diet. Concerning this contention the New York *Tribune* remarks, "We fear that on this matter the good father has permitted his patriotism to get the better of his judgment."

Mrs. Magoogin Is Down on "Annie Rooney" and Songs of That Kind.

"Hi there, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhat the divil is id now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Come over here. Oi want to shpake a wurrud to ye."

"Very well, ma'am, here Oi am. Shpit id out."

"Ye've hurd th' noo songs that's out, Oi shuppose, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"How kud Oi help hearin' thim, Mrs. Magoogin, wid your daughter Toozy singin' 'Annie Rooney' an' 'Down Wint McGinty' from mawrin' antil noight?"

"Yis, bad sesht to her," said the widow vehemently, "she's always liftin' that chewin' gum v'ice av hers in some av thim sinseless songs. Oh, my! but they're nawthin' at all compared wid th' lovely songs they used to sing fwhin you an' Oi war gerruls, Mrs. McGlaggerty. There was 'Th' Fwhoite Cockade' an' 'Th' Campbells Ar' Comin,' Hurroo, Hurraw!' an' 'A Sailor Coorted a Farmer's Daughter,' an' a thousan' an' wan other byootiful things too numerosity to mintion, me frind. Oh, but thim war poets that wrote thim songs in those days, Mrs. McGlaggerty—Thomas Myoore an' Clarence Mangan an' Micky Davitt an' Owin Roe O' Naill. 'Pon me wurrud, it breaks my h'art to think fwhat we have come to. Me daughter Toozy jisht dhrove me out av' the house singin' a new piece av divilthry about love an' kisses that goes loike this, Mrs. McGlaggerty, only mebbe a little worse:

'Shwate Katy Connor
Oi dotes upon her.
Oh Kate, Kate,
Assure as fate
Ye'll have to marry me,
Ur Oi'll take a notion
To doive into the ocean
An' mash wan av the murmaids at the bottom
av th' say!'

"Now, fwhat dang nonsinse that is, Mr. McGlaggerty. "Annie Rooney' was bad enoof wud ids beaus an' ids Joes, ids Annies an' ids tooty-frooty mushiniss, but here's a dang fool av a ninnyhammer that wants to dhrow himself' on account av a red-headed piece called Katy O'Connor an' Oi'll bowled anny was tin cints she doesn't care fwhether he's an this himisphare ur not, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' Oi'll betshe's no better nor anybody else an' her havin' songs wrote about her an' sun upon th' shtage. Nobody uver wrote a song about me, an' fwhin Oi was a ship av a gerrul, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there isn't a Katy Connor in all Terantic that kud howld a candle to me in th' way av bein' gud-lukin' an' atthractive, Mrs. McGlaggerty. God furgive me, me friend, fur sayin' so, but thim 'Annie Rooney' and Katy O'Connor songs makes me sik. They makes my b'y Tammy very toired, too. Upon me sowl Oi'm goin to put up a sign sayin' that annybody that sings thim koind av song in my house anny more diz so on their own responsibility an' Oi'll wat answer fur th' consekinces aff somebody shealds thim. Throth'n Oi'll keep the bilin' hot wather handy meself, so Oi will, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They kin sing 'Th' Harp That Wanst Through Tarry Halls' ur 'Th' Exoile av Airyin' all they plaises, but thim rattle-brain rhoymes about 'Annie Rooney' an' Katy Connor never—no ma'am, nuver! O'lil have thim andherstand id that way, too! D'ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

Driven to Suicide by Love of His Dead Dog.

Sidney Clay was a London builder's clerk, living in Euston road. He was 36 years of age, and had a wife and several children. A sister-in-law lived with the family, and this lady had a pet dog, a toy terrier called Peep, which became a great favorite with all. Last July Clay took the pet dog for a walk, and lost it; presumably the creature was stolen, for it was extraordinarily small and marvellously intelligent. Clay made every effort to recover the pet, but failed. Thereupon he became despondent and moody, last Sunday he suddenly fell dead in the family sitting room. At the post-mortem examination it transpired that the man had taken a dose of cyanide of potassium with suicidal intent. It seems that Clay had for a long time contemplated making away with himself, for a letter (dated July 18) addressed to his wife was found upon his person.

"To the best and dearest of women, Marian, my wife," he wrote: "there are times in the life of a man when he is supremely happy. Such has been my lot with you until quite recently. Then comes a down fall such as has befallen me. Since I lost our dear, darling Peep—the life, light and joy of our heart—I have been broken-hearted. I told you on one occasion I should never be able to brook her loss, and I feel I never can. With kindest love your affectionate husband."

Beautiful flower vases are those of rainbow-tinted glass in devices of a fanciful character.

The Sabbath Chime.

Magnify Jehovah's name;
For His mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home.

To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

Not Without Care.

You may build you an elegant mansion
And fence it around with gold,
Set it all with diamonds and rubies;
You may keep out the wind and cold.
You may banish from it all intruders,
Have music and levity here;
You may shut out Discord and Envy,—
But you cannot shut out Care.

You may build you a lowly cottage,
You may paint it all in white,
Grow vines and shade-trees about it,
Let in only sunshine and light;
You may keep out the envy and malice
That wrinkle the faces we wear,
You may keep love inside and Contentment,—
But you cannot keep out Care.

You may sing with the voice of an angel,
You may dance with a fairy's feet,
You may laugh till your laughter makes music
For every one that you meet;
You may dance till your feet seem twinkling,
Till the roses fade in your hair,
You may dance till the world dies of envy,—
But you cannot dance away Care.

You may smile in the faces of women
Who envy your very life,
As you hide from their eyes all the burdens,
The weariness, heart-aches, and strife;
You may live so the poor will adore you,
Live a life that the world calls fair;
You may let Love be conquered by Duty,—
But you cannot live without Care.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

Only Dreams.

Only dreams, aye, dreams forever
Haunt my soul, and fill my brain,
Of the loved, that I may never
Meet in this proud world again.
Springtime seems but fraught with sadness,
Though the birds sing just as gay;
And there's still as much of gladness
In the bright and flowery May.

And the soft winds play as lightly
O'er the verdure and the flowers;
And the sunbeams still as brightly
O'er nature's smiling bowers,
And the streamlet, and the river
Murmur onward to the sea,
Singing low, with silvery quiver,
Just the same—*but not to me!*

And the twilight dews of even,
Just as sweet a fragrance shed;
And the pale night orbs of heaven
Shine the same, though years have fled,
Tears, that brought so many changes,
Tears, that stole my flowers away;
Now through fancy only ranges,
Dreams, that once were bright as day.

Visions of the cot and wildwood,
Flit before me evermore
But the friends that blest my childhood
Meet me at the stream no more.
Thus it is that dreams will haunt us,
Forms and scenes, we loved so well;
Smiling faces, tones and voices,
Time, nor change, cannot dispel.

J. R WILKINSON.

Trust.

A picture memory brings to me;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand;
The pain itself for good was planned,
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be,
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

Little Mosey—"Vader' I vant a nickle. I got to buy me a lead pencil for der drawing lesson by der school." Oppenheimer—"Vot! anoder pencil! Dot's two in six mont's. You musn't bear on so hard."

THE WINNERS IN Ladies' Journal Competition NO. 26.

CLOSED DEC. 15TH, 1890.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were originally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1, HEM. 2, ROBE. 3, GARMENT.

The answers are, 1, Exodus, 28 chapter and 33 verse; 2, Exodus, 28 chapter and 4 verse; 3, Genesis, 9 chapter and 23 verse. The following are the prize winners:

FIRST REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano by a celebrated Canadian Firm—Della Archer, Collingwood; Second, one hundred dollars in cash—M M Barton, West Toronto Junction. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Teacher's Bible—1 E J Paddington, Trenton; 2 Florence Rae, Stouffville; 3 M E Bennett, 104 Mary St, Hamilton; 4 S Flint, 88 Rose Ave, Toronto; 5 Fanny Parkes, Collingwood; 6 Mary E DePencier, "The Rectory," Merrickville; 7 Mrs J Griffin, 102 Inchbury St, Hamilton; 8 Minnie Hiller, Aurora; 9 Henry H Reynolds, Nilestown; 10 Mrs H H Reeves, Port Rowan; 11 Mrs Jas Agnew, Petrolia; 12 Alice Dickey, Windsor; 13 Emily Morris, Perth; 14 Clara B Parsons, 545 Wellington St P't St Charles, P Que; 15 Mrs G Mitchell, 6 Stuard St Toronto. 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Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 20c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

We have had the above notice standing in the LADIES' JOURNAL for months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received before thirty days after the list has been published.

A Landlord Who Squealed.

A drummer who was stopping at a hotel in an Ohio town found fault with the coffee, and the landlord said to him, in the presence of three or four to her guests:

"You Michigan people drink so much root coffee that you can't tell the real stuff when you see it."

"What do you call it?" asked the drummer.

"O. G. Java, sir, and the very best."

"I'll bet you $25 it isn't."

"Done!"

"I am a chemist and have part of my outfit with me! Get me a sample of that coffee and I'll tell you what it is."

He went to his room as a bluff, and in about five minutes the landlord came up and put a $5 bill into his hand and said:

"Take this and call the bet off."

"But I want to anal—"

"Analyze be hanged! It's Rio, and second class at that, but I don't want to be given away. I've bluffed over forty drummers in the last year, and if I hadn't been told that you travelled for a grindstone quarry instead of a drug house I'd never put up the money."—[Detroit Free Press.

Miss Jeffersonian—"The women trades unionists of England are boycotting non-union lovers." Miss Cadillac—"That's right. Its foolish for women to waste time over men who don't intend to marry."

He had called his last "all's well" at 11 o'clock. A blood vessel had burst. Death closed his icy hand over the assuring words. The noble ship sped on.

"Close shave, sir?" asked the barber as Tompkins dropped into the chair.

"Close! Well you bet your life it was a close shave," said Tompkins excitedly. "If my wife had come along two minutes earlier when I was walking with—oh, er, excuse me! Absent-minded, you know! No, not very close—just go over it once."

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

By W. T. Sprigge.

CHAP. I.

When Will Provant came back to his native town of Scargill—and a very small town it was, not numbering more than between four and five thousand inhabitants—there was not any person of the many who remembered his going away that recognised him again till he made himself known. But that, perhaps, was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that he had left the town a child of five, and that he had now returned after the absence of twenty years, a strapping fellow, over six feet in height, bearded like a pard, and speaking with an accent never heard in Scargill before, which of itself tended to make him seem more outlandish than he really was.

Will's father, finding times hard and money scarce, had emigrated to one of the Western States of America; but as to how far he had prospered there, his son vouchsafed very scant information. Will's avowed object in visiting his native town was to "look up" his grandfather, old Peter Daveridge, who lived in a small gray-stone house about a mile away on the Shulcotes Road, with a housekeeper nearly as old as himself for sole companion. Peter had accumulated whatever fortune he might be possessed of by the slow patient industry of half a century as proprietor of the chief shop or store, in the town, where almost everything might be bought, from the silk for a lady's dress to a packet of blacklead or a child's rattle. It was not forgotten among the older inhabitants that when Peter's only child married Robert Provant against his express commands, he vowed that he would never set eyes on her again, and that he "washed his hands of her" then and there for ever. He was known to be an extremely vindictive man; and that Master Will would have to smart for his mother's disobedience, those who knew Peter best were most inclined to believe. "Of course he's been sent over to see how the land lies and to try and 'soap' the old man over," said the quidnuncs to each other over their nightly grog at the *King's Head*, "But he'll be a rare sharp un if he contrives to throw dust in the eyes of old Peter."

And indeed the young fellow's reception by his grandfather might well have chilled the heart of any one less sanguine than himself. "If thou'st come all this long way thinking to get round me, and that mayhap thou'll come in for a bit o' brass when I'm dead and gone, thou mayest as well go back to where thou camest from," said the old man after a long silent scrutiny of Will through his spectacles. "No one of thy name or breed shall ever touch a penny of mine. Thou can have thy bed and victuals here for a fortnight. After that, if thou chooseat to stay, thou must pay for them like any other lodger."

Whatever Will Provant's feelings in the matter might be, he took care to keep them to himself. No one ever heard him whisper a syllable derogatory to his grandfather. He had not been a week in the little town before he was the most popular person in it. There was a sort of open-air, breezy freshness about him which most people found very taking. Among the men he was hail-fellow-well-met, always ready with a hearty grip of the hand and a song or a story when called on in the bar parlour of the *King's Head* or the *Ring o' Bells* of an evening; and what was perhaps more to the purpose, always seemingly more pleased to treat others than to be treated himself; for, to all appearance, he lacked nothing in the way of means. As for the marriageable portion of the other sex, they were all but unanimous in agreeing that he was the handsomest young fellow who had been seen in Scargill for many a day. He was tall and somewhat gaunt, but muscular and straight as an arrow. He had an olive complexion and thin clear cut features. He had a smile which came and went with equal facility, and which showed off to advantage his large white teeth. His eyes were dark and brilliant, somewhat overbold, it may be, when bent on a woman, but he could endue them with an expression of pleading tenderness, or Romeo-like passion, whenever it seemed worth his while to do so. His hair, which he wore long, was like his beard, a glossy black. He displayed a profusion of showy jewelry; and it was a well-ascertained fact that he always carried a small revolver in a secret pocket. His usual dress was a loose velvet coat over a vest made of the skin of some wild animal; while under the broad turn down collar of his fancy shirt he wore a silk kerchief of some gay colour with loose flowing ends. His ordinary headgear was a broad-brimmed Panama hat, which, however, he would sometimes exchange for a Mexican sombrero. Small wonder that half the foolish maidens in Scargill fancied themselves in love with him. Little did they dream in their simplicity that behind that semi-romantic exterior, that under that manner so smiling, bland, and debonair, there lurked volcanic passions, only restrained and held in check by a thin crust of conventionality, which might one day burst forth and astonish all beholders.

At the end of a fortnight Will Provant left his grandfather's roof and took lodgings in the town. People wondered and surmised, but to no one did he vouchsafe an explanation. His reasons, however, such as they were, would not have been far to seek. In the first place, even if his grandfather would have continued to board and lodge him for nothing, he was weary of the restraints which a residence under the old man's roof imposed upon him. All his life he had been used to come and go at his own good pleasure, and he found it intolerable to have his meal-times fixed for him to five minutes, and to be told that if he were not indoors by half-past ten he would be locked out for the night.

In the second place, he had fallen desperately in love with sweet Bessie Ford, who was indisputably one of the prettiest girls in Scargill. More than once before had Will suffered from the same complaint, but all previous attacks had been like so many mild outbreaks of nettlerash in comparison with the fierce fever which now consumed him. It was nothing to the purpose that Bessie was already engaged; that fact merely lent an added zest to Will's pursuit of her. He thought far too highly of himself to doubt for one moment his ability to run her sweetheart off and win Bessie for his own. The fellow in question had been pointed out to him—a great hulking, begrimed engine-driver on the railway, Steve Garside by name. Will sniffed disdainfully, and ran his fingers through his glossy beard at the thought of their being any possibility of rivalry between himself and "Mounseer Smokejack," as he dubbed Steve contemptuously to himself.

Bessie Ford was a slender, blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl of twenty, whose manners and appearance would not have discredited a far higher position in life than the one she filled; for Bessie's father was merely the foreman porter at the Scargill railway station, while she herself was an assistant in a shop. The shop in question, which called itself an "emporium," was devoted to the sale of periodicals, newspapers, stationery, and fancy articles of various kinds, and had, in addition, a small circulating library attached to it, in which the newest novel was at least half-a-dozen years old. This shop, which was kept by a widow, and in which the only male employed was a youth of sixteen, began to have Will Provant for a customer most days of the week. It was remarkable how frequently he found himself in want of note-paper, or envelopes, or some other of the numerous articles purveyed at the emporium. And then he began to enter on quite a course of novel-reading, changing his volumes as often as three times a week; and when he happened to have Bessie to wait on him, it was singular what a difficult matter the choosing of a book became. Before long he found out the particular half-hour when Mrs. Fountain and the other young-lady assistant went up-stairs to dinner and Bessie had the shop to herself. After that his visits were nearly always timed accordingly.

As a matter of course, Bessie was not long in discovering that she herself was the magnet which drew Provant so often to the shop. There was no mistaking his glances of admiration, which were considerably bolder and more outspoken than anything she had been used to, nor the way in which he tried to hold her hand for a moment whenever she had to give him change, which was very often, till at length she found it expedient to place the money on the counter and leave it for him to pick up. Bessie was but a girl and a pretty one, and dearly as she loved Steve Garside in her heart, she could not help being flattered and pleased by the unstinted admiration accorded her by the handsome dark-eyed stranger, about whom there was a flavour of romance which added not a little to his attractiveness. But Bessie was a prudent girl, and when Will began to haunt the shop whenever she was alone in it, she was careful never to emerge from behind the safeguard of the counter. If he wanted a book at such times, he had to go into the back shop and choose it for himself. Still, she could not turn a deaf ear to him—nor, indeed, had she any wish to do so—when he perched himself on one of the stools in front of the counter and began to chat to her, brightly and pleasantly, about places he had been to and people and things he had seen, and to narrate to her romantic episodes of which he had been the hero, in that strange, far-away world from which he had come, almost like a visitant from another sphere, and to which he would doubtless go back ere long. It was all very fresh and fascinating to the country-bred girl, whose imagination often flew away with her far beyond the narrow limits of her every-day surroundings. And then, having discovered that she was passionately fond of flowers. Will rarely failed to appear without one in his button-hole, of which he made a point of begging her acceptance—flowers, too, of a rarer kind than Bessie had ever seen before, whose names she did not know, and which could only have been procured by some occult process from Squire Denton's hot-houses, where, as was well known, the choicest flowers were grown and sent off by rail to the London market. Surely, Bessie argued with herself, even though she was engaged to Steve, there could be no harm in accepting so simple a thing as a flower from Mr. Provant and wearing it in her dress: and although she might not consciously do as he sometimes asked her to do, which was to "think of the giver," she could not help being aware that, while in no way disloyal to her sweetheart, he began to fill a very prominent place in her thoughts.

Still, she was not one whit less unfeignedly glad to see Steve when he made his usual weekly appearance at her father's house on Sunday afternoons, nor did she derive any less pleasure from his society when they went for their customary walk through the meadows by the banks of the Windle. Steve's duties compelled him to lodge at Egglinton, a great manufacturing town eight miles away, where were the local headquarters of the railway company, so that it was only on Sunday that he could get as far as Scargill. The engagement between the young people was now a couple of years old, and it was merely the fact of Steve having had a bed-ridden mother to keep which had delayed their marriage for so long a time. But Mrs. Garside had now been dead for some months, and Steve was putting away every shilling he could spare towards furnishing a little home for his bride. August was now here, and the young engine-driver had won a shy consent from Bessie to their marriage taking place in Christmas week. Steve was a tall muscular young fellow, with dark-gray, honest-looking eyes, a fringe of golden-brown beard, and a by no means uncomely presence. He was still young in years and experience, and at the present time he was employed as driver of one of the local goods-trains: his secret ambition was to rise in his profession till he should one day be entrusted with the driving of one of the main-line great passenger expresses.

Scargill railway station was a good mile and a half from the heart of the town. To those people who wondered why the two had not been brought nearer each other, the answer was that engineering difficulties had stood in the way, and that, as the railway could not be brought closer to the town, the best thing the latter could do was to move itself nearer the railway which it was proceeding to do, after a fashion, by gradually stretching out an arm, which at no distant date would reach to and include the point in question.

Bessie's usual walk, morning and evening, to and from business was along this rather dreary stretch of road, in which more or less of building operations were always going forward. But there was another and much pleasanter walk along the banks of the canal, albeit a little longer, by means of which she could get between home and business, and during the summer months that was often the way she took. The walk was screened by a fringe of trees, which shaded it pleasantly from the sun, and gave it at the same time an air of semi-seclusion.

Bessie hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed when, one evening as she was on her way home, she encountered Will Provant leaning over the stile which gave admission to the footpath by the canal. Was he there accidentally, or on purpose to intercept her? was the question she asked herself; but it was one she was unable to answer. In any case, he greeted her with his frank-seeming smile, which displayed his gleaming teeth through the black rift of his moustache and beard, and turned to walk with her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. She could see that his eyes took note of the flower in her belt, which he had given her earlier in the day, and she was afraid that he might draw certain inferences therefrom such as she was far from wishing him to draw. His talk was easy and animated, as it always was. Presently he brought round to a topic as to which he had hinted more than once already; to-day, however, he spoke openly. Such a charming girl as Bessie was far too good—"far too rare and precious"—to be buried alive in such a "dog-rot" place as Scargill, where she was unappreciated and altogeter out of her proper sphere. Her true home ought to be in America, more especially in one of the glorious Western States. In Kansas or Arizona, for instance, she would at once be elevated to her proper position—that of a "Society Queen"—whatever that might be—and have all the "chivalry" within a circuit of fifty miles "worshipping at her shrine"—and so on, and so on, in a similar high-faluting strain. Bessie listened in silence, her bosom rising and falling a little more quickly than usual, but finding not a word to say in reply. Will departed from her at the point where she had to turn off to home. As he held her hand for a moment and lifted his soft broad-brimmed hat there came a flash into his eyes which caused hers to flutter and fall on the instant, and left her blushing and trembling as he turned to go back by the way he had come.

Bessie Ford was not without some of the weakness of her sex. It was impossible to resist deriving a species of sweet satisfaction from the knowledge that more than half the young women of the town envied her her undoubted conquest of the "handsome American," as Will was called, despite the fact of his being a native of the place. Two evenings later she found Will waiting at the stile again. Again he kept her company to within a short distance of home; but Bessie felt that if this sort of thing were to go on, it could not fail to come to her sweetheart's ears. She and Will had been seen together by more than one person who knew of her engagement to Steve, and gossip flies fast in small country towns. So for the next few evenings she shunned the dangerous path by the canal, and went by the omnibus which plied between the *King's Arms Hotel* and the railway station.

A week passed without Will troubling her in any way, and then, with the inconsistency of her sex, she began to long to see him again. She missed his bright talk and the flowers he used to bring her. His visits to the shop had made a pleasant little break in the monotony of her life, and the cessation of them affected her like a loss. The fact was, although, of course, Bessie was unaware of it, that Will had been away for four or five days attending a race meeting in a neighbouring county. There came, however, a certain noon when he found his way once more to Mrs Fountain's shop. It was during the half-hour when he knew that, in all probability, he should find Bessie alone. The sparkle in her eyes and the blush that suffused her cheeks avouched to him that she was not displeased to see him again. And how lovely she looked! Nowhere among all the great ladies on the grand stand had he seen a face which in his eyes was at all comparable to Bessie's. He was carrying a boquet of choice orchid-flowers more strange and exquisite in their tropical loveliness than any Bessie had ever seen before.

"For you," he said as he touched the flowers lightly with his lips and then placed them on the counter in front of her.

"Oh, how lovely!" broke involuntarily from her lips. Then a moment later: "But, indeed, and indeed, Mr. Provant, I can't accept them."

"Can't!" responded Will with a lifting of his heavy brows. "If you have a reason, I should like to hear it."

Bessie hesitated, and the colour in her cheeks deepened. How was it possible to explain that there had suddenly come over her a consciousness that she was in some sort wronging the man whose promised wife she was in accepting flowers from another unknown to him? No such thought had ever struck her before. Will was watching her with an amused smile, under which, however, lurked something veiled and sinister. He could give a pretty good guess at the feelings at work in her mind. "Reason or no reason," he went on to say, "I've brought them purposely for you; and if you won't accept them, why, I'll just scrunch 'em under my heel and—— But that's nonsense. Take them, they are yours." Then without giving her time for any further disclaimer, he said: "So, you little witch, you have taken to going home by 'bus, eh! One would have thought the footpath by the canal, with the sunlight shining through the leaves, was a far pleasanter road these autumn evenings."

"I suppose this is a free country, and that I can go home whichever way I please," answered Bessie with a toss of her head.

"Of course you can, my blue-eyed darling," responded Will composedly. Bessie stared at him; he had never addressed her in such a strain before.—"I am not so stupid as not to know your reason for going home by 'bus; but you won't find it quite so easy to get rid of me as all that." He hitched the stool on which he was sitting a little nearer the counter, and resting his arms on the latter, fixed his dark glowing eyes full on Bessie's face. "I think it's about time that you and I came to an understanding," he said. "Six weeks from now I am going back

to the States, and I mean to take you with me!"

"Oh!" was all the startled girl found breath for.

"Don't misunderstand me. I mean to take you as my wife.—Don't speak just yet. I know what you are about to say—that you are already engaged. But what has that to do with it? Such a girl as you were never intended to be the wife of an engine-driver. I have loved you, Bessie, from the moment I set eyes on you, with a passion, an intensity such as yonder tepid-blooded smokejack never had the capacity even to dream of. What do such as he know of love as we know it in that newer world beyond the sea? You shall be mine, Bessie—the wife of a man who knows how to appreciate you, and who can place you in a sphere such as nature has fitted you to adorn. I have made up my mind to buy a big ranche way down Californy and to make you its mistress. It will be a glorious life—a life such as you who have grown up in a one-horse place like this can only faintly imagine. There, for months at a time, no speck of cloud darkens the sky; there the most beautiful flowers are as common as weeds are here. Your home shall be built in the midst of an orange grove; you shall have servants to wait upon you hand and foot, and as many horses to ride as there are letters to your name. You shall"—

But at this point his flight of rigmarole came to an abrupt end. A premonitory cough at the head of the stairs warned him of the approach of Mrs. Fountain. He had spoken so rapidly and with such impassioned fervour that Bessie had found it impossible to interrupt him. Now, however, there was a moment's chance, for Mrs. Fountain was old and came down-stairs very slowly.

"If you knew that I am engaged, as you say you did, you had no right to speak to me as you have," exclaimed the girl in low but vehement tones. "I must request that you will never speak to me on such a subject again, and also that you will cease to bring me any more flowers, because I shall certainly decline to accept them."

For a moment or two Will's lips turned a blue white, and his eyes became like two points of livid flame, but it was a spasm of passion which vanished as quickly as it had come, and when he spoke it was in his usual easy, smiling nonchalance. "Do you know, Bessie, that you look most deucedly pretty when your 'dander's riz,' as we say in the States? I calculated how you would feel called on to take it just at first, consequently I ain't disappointed. But if you think Will Provant's going to take No for an answer down on the nail like that, you were never more mistaken in your life. Take time to think it over, my pretty—second thoughts are always best. Listen. The day you promise to be my wife I'll buy you a twenty guinea engagement ring." A moment later he was gone, leaving his flowers behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is the Male Flirt.

One cannot pass through a flirtation—either man or woman—without lowering the tone of one's mind, writes Felicia Holt in the Ladies Home Journal. I know that I seem to thus put mind before the affections, but in this prosaic 19th century, hearts seem out of fashion. Cupid has taken a holiday and left us to our own devices; he loves an age when pounds and pence play a less conspicuous part, for Love laughs at calculation. So our mental development becomes our highest consideration, and it must suffer in a game where only the sly trickster holds the trump card.

Dignity and trifling put each other out of countenance, as does the bishop and the clown; and when a man and a woman enter with deliberation into the unworthy joust of tilting one's attractions against the other with no other aim than the gratification of his or her vanity, then, I say, neither party can come out unscathed, either mentally or morally

If one is more detestable than the other, it is the male flirt; for since custom has given him the power of making the advance, he can do the most harm; particularly, should he practice his cruel arts upon an unsophisticated girl; who may fall a victim to his cruelty. A man may recover from a bitter encounter of this sort a sadder and a wiser man; his trust in woman may be terribly shaken, but he does not succumb as does the woman, whose heart once wiled from her keeping, grows weary of the world.

And, incredible as it may seem, women are quite as much to blame as men for the sin of flirtation. For if they condemn the sin, they invariably smile upon the sinner, especially if he be handsome and attractive.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

Gives a Daily Prize of a Handsome China Tea Service.

One dollar will get you THE LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. If you send correct answers to the following questions along with your dollar:—Where in the Bible are these words first found, 1, Money; 2, Coal; 3, Wood; and if your letter is the first one received at THE LADIES' JOURNAL office any day between now and 25th March next, containing correct answers, you will get a handsome China Tea Service of 44 pieces. There is also three large lists of other valuable prizes, pianos, gold and silver watches, silver tea services, china dinner sets, silver dinner and tea knives, large cash rewards and scores of other prizes. Send ten cents in stamps and get a sample copy of THE JOURNAL containing these lists in full, or better still send your dollar and answers and get THE JOURNAL for 12 months. Address Editor X, LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. No matter where you live, you have a good opportunity to win this daily prize, as it is the first letter received each day.

Divorced Thirty-Five Wives.

A native Japanese paper mentions a case of a man aged 40 this year, living in the province of Bizen, who has married and divorced thirty-five wives, and is now married to the thirty-sixth. He was first married at, 18, and the reason assigned for this extraordinary example of inconstancy is that he has a younger sister of extremely jealous and rancorous disposition, who, from the moment that a bride enters the house, institutes a system of persecution, which soon drives the unhappy woman to ask her husband for a divorce. The husband is helpless to restrain the vagaries of his sister, and cannot turn her out, so the wretched business goes on year after year. The native chronicler add, a circumstance which is improbable, even in the East. He says that in two cases the brides arriving at the door of their future home changed color, and, declaring that they recognized the house as one where they had already passed some months of most miserable wedlock, fled without further parley.

Commenting upon the story, the Japan *Mail* says that, whether accurate in all respects or not, it illustrates the difference between Japanese and English fashions in respect of marriage. Among the lower orders in Japan sentiment is seldom allowed to play any influential part in the arrangements preliminary to matrimony. In many cases the man and woman have never seen each other until they are formally brought together with the object of securing their consent to become man and wife, and it rarely happens that either is so unpolite as to conceive or admit any disagreeable impression after this interview. The higher the social scale the more attention is paid to the fancies of the man, and of late those of the women also are beginning to be regarded. But the principal underlying the whole marital relation in Japan seems to be that the affection which really survives the passage of years and makes married life happy is not the love which precedes union, but the respect, esteem, and sense of mutual helpfulness that grow up after it.

In short, marriage in Japan is a preliminary experiment, whereas in the West it is a final contract. At the same time, to be divorced by her husband is a disgrace to a Japanese wife, and to divorce his wife without reasonable cause is a disgrace to a husband. Public opinion and traditional custom provide for the marriage state safeguards of very tolerable efficiency even among the lower classes, and of great potency among the upper. It may be briefly stated that freedom of divorce is in the inverse ratio of the social prominence of the parties concerned. The more important the position occupied by a man the less fickleness and caprice is he expected to show in such matters; whence it follows that the spirit of Japanese civilization makes for the permanency of the marriage tie.

The Bread Winner.

At set of sun he cometh home apace,
With tired footstep and with aching frame,
And yet with eagerness his eyes proclaim,
The contemplation of the wife's embrace,—
The joy to join his bairns in romp and chase,
And with them share the glee of childish game,
Within the cheerful glow of hearthstone flame,
Or out of doors in many a hiding place.

This brawny man, fresh from his daily task,
With marks of honest toil still on his face,
As on he comes with dinner pail in hand,
Enjoys a purer bliss than they who bask,
Within the languid warmth of wealth or place
There is no happier soul in all the land.

"Long Afore I Knowed."

Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will
First o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell!—
Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell!—
Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and hear
Old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer,
And "Santy" shootin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzz—
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, and set up later a week or two ahead:
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire, and Mother settin near
Darnin' socks and rockin' in the skreeky rocking cheer;
Pap gap', and wonder where it wuz the money went,
And quar'l with his frosted heels, and spill his liniment;
And we a-dreamin' sleigh bells when the clock 'ud whir and buzz—
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Size the fireplace, and figger how "Old Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he would;
Wisht that I could hide and see him—wondered what he'd say
Ef he ketched a feller lyin' fer him that-aways!
But I bet on him, and liked him, same as ef he had
Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look a here my lad:
Here's my pack—jes' he'p yourse'f like all good boys does!"
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz.

Wisht that yarn wuz true about him as it 'peared to be—
Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough for me.
Whist I still was so confiden' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's like the little child
Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin me to tell
'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well;
I'm half sorry for this little-girl-sweetheart of his—
Long afore
She knows who
"Santy Claus" is!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Can a Woman Keep a Secret.

Who, so unreservedly, so absolutely, trusts any one as a man trusts his wife, if she be truly such? asks Junius Henri Browne, in the Ladies' Home Journal. He reveals to her his inmost thoughts, his most sacred feeling. She is not only his other self: she is often his higher and better self. He renews his life for her; outlines his hope; anticipates his future. His soul whispers to her his most secret aim and aspiration.

All that he has been, is, and desires to be, is poured into her capacious, appreciative, confidence. Has he any question of her preserving his confidence? Can he conceive of any circumstances under which she would betray him? Could any instrument of torture extract from her a syllable of his self-revelation?

In the face of all this what a jarring discord is conveyed in the slighted suggestion of "Can women keep a secret?"

Does any widow, though she may not have been in sympathy with her departed husband, ever criticise, or analyze, or rehearse his character for the benefit of the second husband? Does any woman who has had a variety of suitors, all of whom may have gone very near her, entertain, reprove or unfold to one suitor, if she be sterling or honest, what another has said or done or indicated?

Do not women generally, whatever their sentimental experience, appear to each man who proffers his love as if they had heard the word for the first time?

There may be obvious reasons for this, independent of secretiveness; but is it not undeniably true, and is not the truth, whether explained one way or another, sufficient for the purpose?

Is there any such secretiveness under similar conditions in most men? Can women place any such dependence on them? Let men answer in honor if they dare. The mass of them, be sure, will try to evade the issue. They will shrink from rigid self-investigation, for they like to retain an ample share of self-esteem.

Colored Courtship.

Mrs. Yerger—One thing more before hiring you. Have you an intended coming to see you?

Matilda Snowball—Dat's more den I kin tell. Sometimes I b'lieves I has, and den I b'lieves I haint. You can't rely on what dese niggahs promises yer. I don't know ef he is an intender or a pretender.

DYING WORDS.

Utterances of Great Men When Death Stole Over Them.

Kiss me, Hardy! I thank God I have done my duty.—[Lord Nelson.

Head of the army.—[Napoleon.

Don't give up the ship.—[Lawrence.

It is well.—[Washington

I must sleep now.—[Byron.

I feel as if I were to be myself again.—[Sir Walter Scott.

Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—[Robert Burns.

Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—[Alfieri.

Let the light enter.—[Goathe.

Into thy hands, O Lord.—[Tasso.

What! is there no bribing death?—[Cardinal Beaufort.

It matters little how the head lieth.—[Sir Walter Raleigh.

I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself (ascending the scaffold).—[Sir Thomas More.

I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying.—[Chancellor Thurlow.

Give Dayroles a chair.—[Lord Chesterfield

Independence for ever.—[Adams.

I have loved God, my father, and liberty.—[Madame de Stael.

Be serious.—[Grotius.

I resign my soul to God and my daughter to my country.—Jefferson.

It is the last of earth.—[J. Q. Adams.

I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.—[Harrison.

I have endeavored to do my duty.—[Taylor.

A dying man can do nothing easy.—[Franklin.

Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.—[Mirabeau.

Let not poor Nelly starve.—[Charles II.

All my possessions for a moment of time.—[Queen Elizabeth.

It's small, very small, indeed (clasping her neck).—[Annie Boleyn.

There is not a drop of blood on my hands.—[Fredrick V. of Denmark.

Is this your fidelity!—[Nero.

You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie: take my last notes, sit down at my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight.—[Mozart.

God preserve the emperor.—Hadyn.

The artery ceases to beat.—[Haller.

We will now cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.—[Stonewall Jackson.

It is useless to dissemble, dissolution is near.—[Gambetta.

O Swain!—[Garfield.

I still live.—[Webster.

Grow Old Gracefully.

The Psalmist's dictum that the days of man are three score years and ten will need to be modified in this day and generation. Across the Atlantic Von Moltke, Gladstone and Tennyson are moving, thinking, writing and speaking as they did thirty years ago; while the color and brightness of intellectual manhood have not yet left our own Holmes and Whittier, and even Bancroft, the nonogenarian, still retains some of his mental foliage. Men have been too apt to look upon old age as something to be dreaded—as a time when they are likely to be treated as trespassers upon the domain in belonging to another generation. Thackeray adressing the "pretty page with the dimpled chin" warns him: "This is the way that boys begin; wait till you come to forty year."

The half-century of life seems far distant to men in the vigor of youth and early manhood: yet the line, "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage," is so mercilessly dinned into their ears that they tremble at the thought of yielding to the inevitable. Dr. Holmes regrets that we cannot all go out of flower as gracefully and as pleasingly as we came into blossom. And then he points out that women find it easier than men to grow old in a becoming manner: that they keep a great deal of their youthful feelings, and enter into the spirit of the young lives that surround them. This happy condition, no doubt, has come within the experience of many; and yet if all men would only look upon old ages as the genial Autocrat has done, they would welcome the advancing years as the best inheritance of life. "Nature," says Dr. Holmes, "is wiser than we give her credit for being; never wiser than in her dealings with the old. She has no idea of mortifying them by sudden and wholly unexpected failure of the chief servants of consciousness."

"John, the doctor says I must give up wine, but I think I must have one more bottle, even though it kills me." "All right, oss; I will cheerfully die with you."

THE LITTLE MARQUIS.

Herve de Vervainville, Marquis de Saint-Laurent, was at once the biggest and smallest landlord of Calvados, the most important personage of that department, and the most insignificant and powerless. Into his cradle the fairies had dropped all the gifts of fortune but those two without which the others taste as ashes—love and happiness. His life was uncolored by the affections of home, and his days, like his ragged little visage and his dull personality, were vague with the vagueness of negative misery. Of his nurse he was meekly afraid, and his relations with the other servants were of the most distantly polite and official nature. He understood that they were there to do his bidding nominally, and compel him actually to do theirs, pending his hour of authority. With a little broken sigh he envied the happiness that he rootedly believed to accompany the more cheerful proportions of the cottager's experience, of which he occasionally caught glimpses in his daily walks, remembering the chill solitude of his own big empty castle and the immense park that seemed an expansion of his imprisonment, including, as part of his uninterrupted gloom, the kindly meadows and woods, the babbling streams and leafy avenues, where the birds sang of joys uncomprehended by him.

Play was as foreign to him as hope. Every morning he gravely saluted the picture of his pretty mother which hung in his bedroom—a lovely picture, hardly real in its dainty old-world charm, arch and frail and innocent, the bloom of whose eighteen years had been sacrificed upon his own coming, leaving a copy washed of all beauty, its delicacy blurred in a half-effaced boyish visage without character or coloring. Of his father Herve never spoke—shrinking, with the unconscious pride of race, from the male interloper who had been glad enough to drop an inferior name, and was considered by his friends to have waltzed himself and his handsome eyes into an enviable bondage. And the only return he could make to the house that had so benefited him was a flying visit from Paris to inspect the heir and confer with his son's steward (whose guardian he had been appointed by the old Marquis at his death), and then return to his city pleasures which he found more entertaining than his Norman neighbors.

On Sunday morning little Herve was conducted to High Mass in the Church of Saint Laurent upon the broad high-road leading to the town of Falaise. Duly escorted up the aisle by an obsequious Swiss in military hat and clanking sword, with a long blonde moustache that excited the boy's admiration. Herve and his nurse were bowed into the colossal family pew, as large as a moderate-sized chamber, roughly carved and running along the flat wide tombs of his ancestors, on which marble statues of knights and medieval ladies lay lengthways. The child's air of melancholy and solitary state was enough to make any honest heart ache, and his presence never failed to waken the intense interest of the simple congregation, and supply them with food for speculation as to his future, over their midday soup and cider. Hard, indeed, it would have been to define the future of the little man sitting so decorously in his huge pew, and following the long services in a spirit of almost pathetic conventionality and resignation, only very occasionally relieved by his queer broken sigh that had settled into a trick, or a furtive wandering of his eyes that sought distraction among ancestral epitaphs.

He was not, it must be owned, an engaging child, though soft-hearted and timidly attracted by animals, whose susceptibilities he would have feared to offend by any uninvited demonstration of affection. He had heard himself described as plain and dull, and thought it his duty to refrain as much as possible from inflicting his presence upon others, preferring loneliness to adverse criticism. But he had one friend who had found him out and taken him to her equally unhappy and tender heart. The Comtesse de Fresney, a lady of thirty, was, like himself, miserable and misunderstood. Herve thought she must be very beautiful for him to love her so devotedly, and he looked forward with much eagerness to the time of her widowhood, when he should be free to marry her.

There was something inexpressibly sad in the drollery of their relations. Neither was aware of the comic element, while both were profoundly impressed with the sadness. Whenever a fair, a race, or a company of strolling players took the tyrannical Count away from Fresney, a messenger was at once despatched to Saint-Laurent, and gladly the little Marquis trotted off to console his friend.

One day Herve gave expression to his matrimonial intentions. The Countess, sitting with her hands in her lap, was gazing gloomily out of the window when she turned, and said, sighing: "Do you know, Herve, that I have never even been to Paris?"

Herve did not know, and was not of an age to measure the frightful depth of privation confessed. But the Countess spoke in a sadder voice than usual, and, in response to her sigh, his childish lips parted in his own vague little sigh.

"When I'm grown up I'll take you to Paris, Countess," he said, coming near, and timidly fondling her hand.

"Yes, Herve," said the Countess, and she stooped to kiss him.

"M. le Comte is so old that he will probably be dead by that time, and then I can marry you, Countess, and you will live always at Saint-Laurent. You know it is bigger than Fresney."

"Yes, Herve," said the Countess musingly, thinking of her lost years and dead dreams, as she stared across the pleasant landscape.

Herve regarded himself as an engaged gentleman from that day. The following Sunday he studied the epitaph on the tomb of the last Marquis, his grandfather, who had vanished into the darkness of an unexplored continent with note-book and scientific intent, to leave his bones to whiten in the desert and the name of a brave man to adorn his country's annals. Herve was all excitement to learn from the Countess the precise meaning of the words *distinguished* and *explorer*.

"Countess," he hurried to ask, "what is it to be distinguished?"

"It is greatly to do great things, Herve."

"And what does *explorer* mean?"

"To go far away into the unknown: to find out unvisited places, and teach others how much larger the world is than they imagine."

This explanation thrilled new thoughts and ambition in the breast of the little Marquis. Why should not he begin at once to explore the world, and see for himself what lay beyond the dull precincts of Saint-Laurent? He then would become distinguished like his grandfather, and the Countess would be proud of him. The scheme hurried his pulses, and gave him his first taste of excitement, which stood him in place of a very small appetite. He watched his moment in the artful instinct of childhood with a scheme in its head. It was not difficult to elude a careless nurse and gossiping servants, and he knew an alley by which the broad straight road leading from the castle to the town might be reached over a friendly stile that involved no pledge of secrecy from an untrustworthy lodge-keeper. And away he was scampering along the hedge, drunk with excitement and the glory of his own unprotected state, drunk with the spring sunshine and the smell of the violets that made breathing a bliss.

Picture a tumble down town with a quantity of little streets breaking unexpectedly into glimpses of green meadow and foliage; rickety omnibuses jerking and rumbling upon uncouth wheels, mysteriously held by their drivers from laying their contents upon the jagged pavements; little old-fashioned squares washed by runlets for paving divisions, with the big names of *La Trinite Saint-Gerrais, Guillaume le Conquerant*, and the *Grand Turc*—the latter the most unlikely form of heretic ever to have so shaken the equilibrium of the quaint town; a public fountain, a market-place, many-aisled churches smelling of damp and decay, their fretted arches worse with age, and their pictures bleached of all color by the moist stone; primitive shops, latticed windows, asthmatical old men in blouses and night-caps in which they seem to have been born, and in which they promise to die; girls in linen towers and starched side-flaps concealing every curl and wave of their hair, their *sabots* beating the flags with the click of castanets; groups of idle hussars, moustached and menacing, strutting the dilapidated public gardens like walking arsenals, the eternal cigarette between their lips and the everlasting *Sapristi* and *Sacre* upon them. Throw in a *cure* or two, wide-hatted, of leisured and benevolent aspect, with a smile addressed to the world as a general *mon enfant*; an *abbe*, less leisured and less assured of public indulgence; a discreet *frere*, whose hurrying movements shake his robes to the dimensions of a balloon; an elegant *sous-prefet*, conscious of Parisian tailoring and much in request in provincial *salons*; a wooden-legged colonel, devoted to the memory of the first Napoleon, and wrathful at that of him of Sedan; a few civilians of professional calling, deferential to the military and in awe of the colonel; the local gossip and shopkeeper on Trinity Square, Mere Lescaut—who knows everything about everybody, and the usual group of antagonistic politicians. For the outskirts, five broad roads diverging star-wise from a common centre, with an inviting simplicity of aspect that might tempt the least adventurous spirit of childhood to make by one of those pleasant, straight, and leafy paths for the alluring horizon. Add the local lion, Great William's Tower, a very respectable Norman ruin, where a more mythical personage than William might easily have been born, and which might very well hallow more ancient loves than those of Robert and the washerwoman Arietta; a splendid equestrian statue of the Conqueror, and a quantity of threads of silver water running between mossy banks, where women in mountainous caps of linen wash clothes, and the violets in spring and autumn grow so thickly that the air is faint with their sweet scent. Afar, green field upon green field stretching on all sides till the atmospheric blue blots out their color and melts them into the sky; sudden spaces of wood making shadows upon the bright plains and dusty roads, fringed with poplars, cutting uninterrupted paths to the horizon.

The weekly fair was being held on the Place de la Trinite when Herve made his way so far. The noise and jollity stunned him. Long tables were spread round, highly colored and decorated with a variety of objects, and good-humored cleanly Norman women in caps, and men in blue blouses, were shouting exchanged speech or wrangling decorously. Herve thrust his hands into his pockets in a pretence of security, like that assumed by his elders upon novel occasions, though his pulses shook with unaccustomed force and velocity: and he walked round the tables with uneasy impulses towards the toys and sweetmeats, and thought a ride on the merry-go-round would be an enviable sensation. But these temptations he greatly resisted, as unbecoming his serious business. Women smiled upon him, and called him *Ce joli petit monsieur*, a fact which caused him more surprise than anything else, having heard his father describe him as ugly. He bowed to them when he rejected their offers of toys and penknives, but could not resist the invitation of a fresh cake, and held his hat in one hand while he searched in his pocket to pay for it. Herve made up for his dullness by a correctness of demeanor that was rather depressing than captivating.

Munching his cake with a secret pleasure in this slight infringement of social law, he wandered upon the skirt of the noisy and good natured crowd, which in the settlement of its affairs was lavish in smiles and jokes. What should he do with his liberty and leisure when his senses had tired of this particular form of intoxication? He bethought himself of the famous tower which Pierrot, the valet, had assured him was the largest castle in the world. Glancing up the square he saw the old wooden-legged Colonel limping towards him, and Herve promptly decided that so warlike a personage could not fail to be aware of the direction in which the tower lay. He barred the Colonel's way with his hat in his hand, and said: "Please, monsieur, will you be so good as to direct me to the castle of William the Conquerer?"

The Colonel heard the soft tremulous pipe, and brought his fierce glare down upon the urchin with hawk-like penetration. Fearful menace seemed to lie in the final tap of his wooden leg upon the pavement as he came to a standstill in front of Herve, and he cleared his chest with a loud military sound like *boom*. Herve stood the sound, but winced and repeated his request more timidly. Now this desperate-looking soldier had a kindly heart and loved children. He had not the least idea that his loud *boom*, and his shaggy eyebrows, and his great scowling red face frightened the life out of them. A request from a child so small and feeble to be directed to anybody's castle, much less the Conqueror's, when so many strong and idle arms in the world must be willing to carry him, afflicted him with an almost maternal throb of tenderness. By his smile he dispersed the unpleasant impressions of his *boom* and the click of his artificial limb, and completely won Herve's confidence, who was quite pleased to find his thin little fingers lost in the grasp of his new companion's large hand, when the giant in uniform turned and volunteered to conduct him to the tower. Crossing the Square of Guillaume le Conquerant, Herve even became expansive.

"Look, monsieur he cried, pointing to the beautiful bronze statue; "one would say that the horse was about to jump and throw the knight."

The Colonel slapped his chest like a man insulted in the person of a glorious ancestor, and emitted an unusually gruff *boom*, that nearly blew the little Herve to the other side of the square and made his lips tremble.

"I'd like, young sir, to see the horse that could have thrown that man," said the Norman. "There was a Baron of Vervainville when Robert was Duke of Normandy. He went with Robert to the Crusades. The Countess has told me that only very distinguished and brave people went to the Crusades in those days. They were wars, monsieur, a great way off. I often try to make out what is written on his tomb in Saint-Laurent, but I can never get further than Geoffroi," Herve concluded, with his queer short sigh, while in front of them rose the mighty Norman ruin upon the landscape, like the past glancing poignantly through an ever youthful smile.

The Colonel, enlightened by this communication upon the lad's identity, stared at him in alarmed surprise.

"Is there nobody in attendance upon M. le Marquis?" he asked.

"I am trying to be an explorer like my grandpapa; that is why I have run away at once. I am obliged to you, monsieur, but it is not necessary that you should give yourself the trouble to come further with me. I shall be able to find the way back to the Place de la Trinite.

The Colonel was dubious as to his right to accept dismissal. The sky looked threatening, and he hardly believed that he could in honor forsake the child. But, *Sapristi!* there were the unread papers down from Paris waiting for him at his favorite haunt, the Cafe du Grand Turc, to be discussed between generous draughts of cider. He tugged his gray moustache in divided feelings, and at last came to a decision with the aid of his terrible *boom*. He would deliver the little Marquis into the hands of the *conceirge* of the tower, and after a look in upon his cronies at the Grand Turc and a glass of cider, hasten to Saint-Laurent in search of proper authority.

Herve was a decorous sightseer, who left others much in the dark as to his private impressions of what he saw. The tower, he admitted, was very big and cold. He did not think it would give him much satisfaction to have been born in the chill cavernous chamber wherein William had first seen the light, while the bombastic lines upon the conquest of the Saxons, read to him in a strong Norman accent, gave him the reverse of a desire to explore that benighted land. With his hands in his pockets he stood and peeped through the slit in the stone wall, nearly as high as the clouds, whence Robert is supposed to have detected the charming visage of Arletta, washing linen below, with a keenness of sight nothing less diabolical than his name.

"I couldn't see anybody down so far, could you?" he asked; and then attention was caught by the big rain-drops that were beginning to fall in black circles upon the unroofed stone stairs. The *concierge* watched the sky a moment, then lifted Herve into his arms and hurried down the innumerable steps to the shelter of his own cosey parlor. Excitement and fatigue were telling upon the child, who looked nervous and scared. The rain-drops had gathered the force and noise of several waterfalls pouring from the heavens with diluvan promise. Already the landscape was drenched and blotted out of veiw. An affrighted peasant, in *sabots* large enough to shelter the woman and her family of nursery rhyme, darted down the road, holding a colored umbrella as big as a tent. The roar of thunder came from afar, and a flash of lightning broke through the vapory veil, making Herve blink like a distracted owl caught by the dawn. Oh, if he were only back safely at Saint-Laurant, or could hold the hand of his dear Countess! No, he would not explore any more until he was a grown-up man. A howl of thunder and a child's feeble cry——

Meanwhile confusion reigned in the castle. Men and women flew hither and thither, screaming blame upon each other. In an agony of apprehension the butler ordered the family coach and was driven into town, wondering how M. le Vervainville would take the news if anything were to happen to remove the source of his wealth and local importance. *Parbleu!* he would not be the man to tell him. Crossing the place de la Trinite, he caught sight of Mere Lescaut gazing out upon the deluged square. In a happy inspiration he determined to consult her, and while he was endeavoring to make his knock heard above the tempest and to shield his eyes from the glare of the lightning flashes, Mere Lescaut thrust her white cap out through the upper half of the shop door, and screamed: "You are looking for M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent, and I saw him cross the square with Col. Larousse this afternoon."

"*Diable! Diable!*" roared the distracted butler. "I passed the Colonel on the road an hour ago."

The endless moments lost in adjuring the gods, in voluble faith in calamity, in imprecations at the storm and shivering assertions of discomfort which never mend matters, and at last the dripping Colonel and sweating butler meet. M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent and Baron de Vervainville was

found asleep amid the historic memories of Robert and Arletta.

This escapade brought M. de Vervainville down from Paris with a new tutor. The tutor was very young, very modern, and very cynical. He was not in the least interested in Herve though rather amused when, on the second day of their acquaintance, the boy asked—"Monsieur, are you engaged to be married?" The tutor was happy to say that he had not that misfortune.

"Is it then a misfortune? I am very glad that I am engaged, though I have heard my nurse say that married people are not often happy."

The tutor thought it not improbable such an important personage as the Marquis de Saint-Laurent had been officially betrothed to some desirable *parti* of infant years, and asked her age and name.

"The Countess de Fresney. She is not a little girl, and at present her husband is alive, but I dare say he will be dead soon. You know, monsieur, she is a great deal older than I am, but I shall like that much better. It will not be necessary for me to learn much, for she will know everything for me, and I can amuse myself. I will take you to see her to-morrow. She is very beautiful—but not so beautiful as my mamma—and I love her very dearly."

It occurred to the cynical tutor that the Countess might be bored enough in this uncheerful place to take an interest in so captivating a person as himself. But when they arrived at Fresney they learned that the Countess was seriously ill. Herve began to cry when he was refused permission to see his friend, and at that moment M. le Comte, an erratic, middle-aged tyrant, held in mortal terror by his dependants, burst in upon him with a vigorous—"Ho, ho! the Marquis, my rival. Come hither, sirrah, and let me run the sword of vengeance through your body."

And the merry old rascal began to roll his eyes, and mutter strange guttral sounds for his own amusement and Herve's fright.

"I do not care if you do kill me, M. le Comte," the boy sobbed. "You are a wicked man, and it is because you make dear madame unhappy that she is so ill. You are as wicked and ugly as the ogre in the story she gave me last Christmas. But she will get well, and you will die, and then I will marry her, and she will never be unhappy any more."

"Take him away before I kill him—the insolent jackanapes! In love with a married woman, and telling it to her husband! Ho, ho! so I am an ogre! Very well, let me make a meal of you." With that he produced an orange and offered it to Herve, who turned on his heel, and stumbled out of the room, blinded with tears.

But the Countess did not get well. She sent for Herve one day, and kissed him tenderly.

"My little boy, my little Herve, you will soon be alone again. But you will find another friend, and by and by you will be happy."

"Never, never, if you die, Countess. I shall not care for anything, not even for my new pony, though it has such a pretty white star on its forehead. I do not want to grow up, and I shall never be married now nor—" "'hing," he cried with quivering lips.

That evening his friend died, and the news was brought to Herve as he and the tutor sat over their supper. Herve pushed away his plate, and took his scored and desolate little heart to the solitude of his own room. During the night the tutor was awakened by his call.

"Monsieur, please to tell me what happens when people die."

"*Ma foi*, there is nothing more about them," cried the tutor.

"And what are those who do not die supposed to do?"

"To moderate their feelings—and go to sleep."

"But I cannot sleep, monsieur, I am very unhappy. Oh, I wish it had been the Count. Why doesn't God kill wicked persons? Is it wicked to wish the Count to be dead, monsieur?"

"Very."

"Then I must be dreadfully wicked, for I would like to kill him myself, if I were big and strong."

At breakfast next day he asked if the people did not wear very black clothes when their friends died, and indited a curious epistle to his father begging permission to wear the deepest mourning for the lady he was to have married. Vested in black, his little mouse-colored head looked more pitiful and vague than ever, as he sat out the long funeral service in the church of Saint Gervais, and lost himself in endless efforts to count the candles and understand what the strange catafalque and velvet pall in the middle of the church meant, and what had become of the Countess.

After the burial his tutor took him to the cemetery. The bereaved child carried a big wreath to lay upon the grave of his departed lady-love. Kneeling there, upon the same mission, was M. le Comte, shedding copious tears and apostrophizing the dead he had made it a point to wound in life. Herve knelt opposite him, and stared at him indignantly. Why should he cry? The Countess had not loved him, nor had he loved the Countess. The boy flung himself down on the soft earth, and began to sob bitterly. The thought that he would never again see his lost friend took full possession of him for the first time, and he wanted to die himself. Disturbed by this passionate outbreak, the Count rose, brushed the earth from his new trousers with a mourning pocket handkerchief already drenched with his tears, and proceeded to lift Herve.

"The dear defunct was much attached to you little Marquis," he said, and began to wipe away Herve's tears with the handkerchief made sacred by his own. "You were like a son to her."

"I don't want you to dry my tears, monsieur," Herve exploded, bursting from his enemy's arms. "I do not like you, and I always thought you would die soon, and not Madame. It isn't just, and I will not be friends with you. I shall hate you always for you are a wicked man, and you were cruel to madame."

The Count, who was not himself accounted sane by his neighbors, looked at the amused and impassible tutor, and significantly touched his forehead.

"Hereditary," he muttered, and stood to make way for Herve.

The birds were singing deliciously, the late afternoon sunshine gathered above the quiet trees (made quieter by here and there an unmovable cypress and a melancholy yew, fit symbols of the rest of death) into a pale golden mist shot with slanting rays of light, and the violets, was the only scent to shake by suggestion the sense of soothing negation of all emotion or remembrance. Out upon the road, running like a broad ribbon to the town, unanimated in the gentle illumination of the afternoon, the tutor and Herve met the Colonel limping along, one might imagine, upon the sound of a prolonged *boom*. Herve's tears were dried, but his face looked sorrowful and stained enough to spring tears of sympathy to any kind eyes. The Colonel drew up, touched his cap, and uttered his customary signal with more than his customary gruffness. Herve stood his ground firmly, though he winced, for he was a delicate child, unused to rough sounds.

"How goes it, M. le Marquis? How goes it?" shouted the Colonel.

"M. le Colonel, it goes very badly with me, but I try to bear it. My tutor tells me that men do not fret; I wish I knew how they manage not to do so when they are sad. I did want to grow up soon, and explore the world like my grandpapa, and then I should have married the Countess of Fresney if her husband were dead. But now everything is different, and I don't even want to see the tower of William the Conquerer again. I don't want to grow up. I don't want anything now."

"Poor little man!" said the Colonel, patting his shoulder. "You've lost a friend, but you will gain others, and perhaps you'll be a great soldier one of these days, like the Little Corporal."

Herve shook his head dolorously. He saw nothing ahead but unpleasant lessons, varied by sad excursions to the Countess's grave.

The unhappy little Marquis was moping and fading visibly. He could not be got to take an interest in his lessons, and he proudly strove to conceal the fact that he was afraid of his tutor's mocking smile. The news of his ill-health reached M. de Vervainville in Paris, and at once brought that alarmed gentleman down to Falaise. On Herve's life depended his own luxuries and his importance as a landed proprietor. Was there anything his son wished for? Herve reflected awhile, then raised his mouse-colored head and sighed his own little sigh. He thought he should like to see Col. Larousse. And so it came that one morning, staring out of the window, the boy saw a familiar military figure limping up the avenue. Herve's worried small countenance almost glowed with expectation as he rushed to welcome his visitor, the sound of whose *boom* and the tap of his wooden leg upon the parquet, as well as his dreadful shaggy eyebrows, seemed even cheerful.

"Do you think, monsieur," Herve asked gravely, "that you would mind having for a friend such a very little boy as I?"

The Colonel cleared his throat, and felt his eyes required the same operation, though he concealed that fact from Herve.

"*Boom! Touchez-la mon brave.*"

Never yet had Herve heard speech so hearty and so republican. It astonished him and filled him with a sense of perfect ease and trust. It was like a free breath in oppressive etiquette—the child-prince's first muddle upon the common road of humanity. Herve became excited, and confided to the Colonel that his father had ordered a toy sailing-boat for him, and that there was going to be a ball at Saint-Laurent in honor of his birthday, though he was not quite sure that he would enjoy that so much as the boat, for he had never danced and could not play any games like other children. Still, if Col. Larousse would come, they could talk about soldiers. Come? Of course the Colonel came, looking in his brushed uniform as one of the heroes home from Troy, and Herve admired him prodigiously.

The birthday ball was a great affair. Guests came all the way from Caen and Lisieux, and Herve, more bewildered than elated, stood beside his splendid father to receive them. Ladies in lovely robes, shedding every delicate scent like flowers, petted him, and full-grown men, looking at these ladies, made much of him. They told him that he was charming, but he did not believe them. One cannot be both ugly and charming, little Herve thought with much bitterness and an inclination to cry. Their compliments gave him the same singular sensations evoked by the tutor's smile.

"I do not know any of these people," he said sadly to Col. Larousse. "I don't think a ball very cheerful, do you? It makes my head ache to hear so many strange voices and feel so much smaller than anybody else. My papa amuses himself, but I would like to run away to my boat."

"*Boom! Mon camarade*, a soldier sticks to his post."

Herve sighed, and thought if the Countess had been here that he would have sat beside her all the evening and have held her hand. And the knowledge that he would never again hold her hand, and that so many long weeks had passed since fond lips had kissed his face and a sweet voice had called him "Little Herve, little boy," brought tears of desperate self-pitying pain to his eyes. In these large illuminated *salons*, vexed with the mingled odors of flowers and scented skirts, by the scraping of fiddles and the flying feet of laughing dancers, unmindful of him as other than a queer quiet boy in velvet and Alencon lace, with a plain grey little face and owlish eyes that never smiled, Herve felt more alone than ever he had felt since the Countess's death.

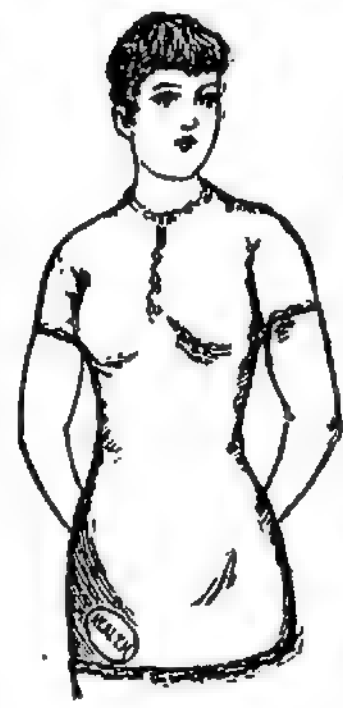
Stealthily he made his escape through the long open window and ran down the dewy lawn. How gratefully the cool air tasted and the lovely stillness of the night after the aching brilliancy within! Herve assured himself that it was a pleasant relief, and hoped there would not be many more balls at the castle.

The lake fringed the lawn, and moored against the branches of a weeping willow was his toy-boat just as he had left it in the afternoon. It would look so pretty, he believed, sailing under the rising moon that touched the water silver and the blue stars that showed so peacefully upon it. He unknotted the string, and gayly the little boat swam out upon his impulsion. If only the Countess could come back to him, he thought, with his boat he would be perfectly happy. "But I am so alone among them all," he said to himself, with his broken sigh. "I wish somebody loved me as little children are loved by their mammas."

The boat had carried away the string from his loose grasp, and he reached out his arm upon the water to recover it. A soft, moist bank, a small eager foot upon it, a frame easily tilted by an unsteady movement, the dark water broken into circling bubbles upon a child's shrill cry of terror and closing impassably over the body of poor forlorn little Herve and his pretty velvet suit and Alencon lace—this is what the stars and the pale calm moon saw; and over there upon the further shore of the lake floated the toy-boat as placidly as if it had worked no treachery, and had not led to the extinction of an illustrious name and race.

"Where is M. le Marquis?" demanded M. de Vervainville, interrupting an enchanting moment upon discovering his son's absence from the *salon*.

A search, a hurry, a scare—music stopped, wine-glasses at the buffet laid down untouched, ices rejected, fear and anxiety upon every face. M. le Marquis is not in the *salons*, nor in the tutor's apartment, nor in his own. The grounds are searched. "Herve" and "M. le Marquis" ring through the silence unanswered. His boat was found and the impress of small footsteps upon the wet bank. M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent and Baron de Vervainville was drowned.



Ask Your Doctor

what he thinks of the new Undervests just introduced and known as the Health Brand.

The result of his answer will be that directly you go down town you will ask to see them, but, remember, if not stamped plainly with the word "Health" you won't be getting the right thing. Perfect-fitting, soft, luxurious, and warm, is the general verdict. A new thing and a good thing, which does not always follow.

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Toronto, and all first class dry goods houses keep them.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents,—I certify, that MINARD'S LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe, and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.

John D. Boutilier,
French Village, Jany., 1883.

Discovery of Opals.

Amist the rejoicings consequent on their political emancipation, the colonists have reason to congratulate themselves upon the increasing development of their natural resources. News was received from Roeburne before the mail left that a man named John Williams, who had just returned from Coonganada, reported finding opals within 20 miles of the fields. He had to leave the spot owing to the want of provisions, but intended to return when the rainy season was over. Williams was one of the discoverers of the Little Hero Nugget, and has had considerable experience with opals in Queensland. He thinks that the present find will prove very valuable. He brought specimens, which were greatly admired.—[English Paper.

How to Do It.

There are innumerable things that interest women, but the preservation of their own health and beauty is generally the first consideration. In the newly-introduced underwear known as the "Health" Brand, and recommended by every doctor in Canada of any prominence, will be found the great solution of the problem of how to combine luxurious ease in an article of dress with absolute safety from cold and its attendant evils. Do not read this and dismiss it without a thought, but go straight to any first class dry goods house, where these goods are for sale, and ask to see a "Health" Undervest. You will be at once convinced that it is the best article of the kind ever brought to your notice.

A FINANCIAL FAILURE.

The Story of a New England Wooing.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

CHAPTER I.

The day's business of the old County Savings Bank was nearly done. Mr. Pendell, the treasurer, and his three assistants were busy making up their accounts. Mr. Pendell was a methodical, old-fashioned business man who did most of his writing at a plain, high desk, where he stood leaning on one elbow hour after hour with no apparent fatigue. As for the three younger men they were seated at more or less ornate roll-top desks; two of these clerks were Mr. Downs and Mr. Hathaway, reliable accountants, and both in the later twenties of their age. At the least elegant of the desks, with his face toward the street, sat Jonas Dyer, a young, good-looking country fellow, whose round face had never known an anxious furrow until he came to his junior clerkship a few weeks before.

He was a poor lad himself as to this world's wealth, and of late had been fowarded in life by an old uncle who was senior director of the bank. Jonas Dyer's mother was perfectly confident that he would be this uncle's heir, but old Mr. Dyer was of that spirit and temper of mind which sometimes results in large gifts to impersonal tract societies, and Jonas knew that a great deal might depend upon his own diligence and accuracy in accounts. He was slow at figures and slow with his pen, and he had by nature no gift for saving. It was fortunate that he had little to spend, otherwise there might have been clearer revelations of his generous traits. Everybody gave him congratulations enough on his good chance in the County Savings Bank, but nobody wasted sympathy on the caged heart of poor Jonas, who loved a free life and out-of-door air. He sometimes felt as if the new bank fittings, and especially the handsome iron fret-work behind which he stood, all savored of the prison, and that during bank hours at least he was a sorrowful captive. The other clerks were fond of their surroundings, and recognized, as time went on, a different spirit in their young associate. By some mysterious insight they were aware of the tone that Jonas' mother always took in laying his duty before him. She was a devoted mother, but she loved the exhorting sound of her own voice, and had talked so much to her growing boy that he had become stolidly reticent. Perhaps Downs and Hathaway had found their example in one of Mrs. Dyer's rare visits to the bank, when it may be suspected that she had come in merely to look upon her only son at his desk, trusted as he was with untold gold and on the high road to fortune. There was nobody else there that day on the customer's side when Jonas timidly presented his mother to his three companions. Old Mr. Pendell behaved with courteous dignity, inviting Mrs. Dyer to come in and sit down, while Jonas unfastened the wicket gate for her, and, blushing red, gave her his own chair. How fast the good woman did talk without knowing it! Jonas went ostentatiously into the great safe to divert her mind and show her how completely he felt at home, trying by the way to escape a direct look at Downs and Hathaway. To tell the truth, he was just twenty years old and hardly felt as if he were sixteen.

"I tell Jonas," Mrs. Dyer was saying, "that there is a good deal to be proud of and grateful for in this situation. I know he's a good boy, if not so quick as some, and I advise him to be attentive and bidable to you, Mr. Pendell, and I want him to be constant at meetin' and to avoid worthless associates. I felt very anxious about him when he come away from home. He ain't no judgment what to eat——"

Jonas came bursting out of the safe with an expression of agony.

"I guess Mr. Pendell will let you come in and see where he keeps all his money," the poor boy told his mother, trying to behave as if there was a great joke going on. He did not look at the other fellows.

"I tell 'em up our way that there's nothing to prevent you filling your pockets unless 'tis your own honesty," the visitor said, and then happily became speechless as Jonas let her take one hurried look into the gold and silver drawers. He was fond of his mother, but she insisted upon treating him like a boy, and since he had lived in town among strangers, he had begun to feel as if he were a man. The call was abruptly ended by the appearance of a friend who had brought Mrs. Dyer to town shopping. Downs and Hathaway shook hands politely with the good woman and seemed to take pleasure in accepting her kind invitation to come up with Jonas and stop awhile whenever they get leave. But alas! from this call much misery took rise; it was the delight of the elder clerks to treat Jonas as if he were both touchingly young and delicate of constitution. They never went so far as to show the slightest disrespect in allusion to or quotation from the anxious mother; they simply adopted her solicitude about Jonas, who was seldom allowed in their presence to put on manly behavior. But if they did not chaff him about this they would be sure to find something else, and so, as they explained his bank work with unfailing patience, our hero bore their chaffing and mockery as best he might and with whatever bravery and unconcern he could muster.

CHAPTER II.

Jonas stood beside his desk, facing the street, in a moment of idleness; he was so tall that he could see over the mahogany railing that screened the bank interior from the glance of passers-by. It was cold weather outside and he had a sense of snug warmth and his own privileged position, yet the thought crossed his mind that it would be a good day to go through a piece of woods and mark trees for chopping. There would be no wind in the woods; somehow he could not get over the habit of planning farm work. At this moment he noticed an ancient covered chaise which belonged to the elderly farmer who was just arranging his financial business. Mr. Pendell himself liked to attend to some of the old bank customers, for there had been days when the County Savings Bank depended upon his services alone, and he was consequently trusted and respected by all the thrifty farmers of the region.

Under the cover of the carriage Jonas did not at first observe a fresh young country face; he looked at the shaggy, strong old horse, used for plowing and a roadster by turns, and calculated the probable age and worth of the good beast before he saw the bright eyes beyond. Then a little thrill of curiosity and pleasure such as he had never felt before pervaded his frame. He felt a new sense of wakefulness and cheerful alacrity. The girl in the buggy looked at him as he looked at her, and if the truth were known the eyes of Jonas were the first to turn away. Hathaway softly reminded him that it was business hours and Jonas bent sideways limberly into the chair before his own desk. Hathaway rose for an instant to see what was interesting outside, but the pretty girl was in eclipse of the chaise top. "Thinking of buying that colt?" inquired Hathaway, a good deal disappointed, and Jonas vaguely smiled.

The old farmer and Mr. Pendell were conversing sedately. "Ain't raised the rate o' interest, have they?" asked the depositor with a smile.

"Directors think of lowering it another year," reported the cashier. "We can't pay 5 per cent if we don't get but 4. Savings bank securities come higher every year. Why don't you buy some bonds, Mr. Hayland?"

"The old County Savings Bank's always been good enough for me and my folks."

"You'd do better with your money by 2 per cent."

"Jim Hymore struck for 18 and ain't got nothin' to show for't. I expect you've heard tell o' his venture, ain't you?"

The cashier smiled and pushed the bank book in its much-thumbed envelope across the counter and Mr. Hayland took some time to put it into a deep inner pocket and to button his coat over it. "Well, I've got my savin's where they'll be earnin' a little somethin'," he said, after his usual custom on such occasions. "There'd been more this time, but we've been fixin' up the meetin' house an' wife thought she ought to do same's others. Well, I do' know, but I felt the pleasure o' bein' able to gratify her. Good day."

"Good day, sir," responded the cashier. "Give my respects to Mrs. Hayland."

Jonas longed to take another look before the buggy was driven away, perhaps forever, but he was afraid of Hathaway.

"Who was that old gentleman, Hathaway?" he made bold to inquire, but Hathaway only scuffed an angry foot for answer and began again at the foot of a long column of figures.

"That's Joel Hayland. He lives eight or nine miles down Oak Hill way; a good comfortable farmer and as honest a man as I know." Mr. Pendell himself spoke warmly and Jonas felt as much pleased as if he were listening to the praise of one of his own family.

Just then old Mr. Hayland and his daughter were going out of town, well wrapped against the chilly wind, which luckily was well astern of the covered chaise.

"We shall have it nice an' comfortable goin' home, shan't we, Love?" said the farmer. "Did you git all those things your mother wanted?"

"Yes, sir," said Love. "Seems to me there's something I haven't remembered, too. Who was it in the bank?" she added.

"Mr. Pendell, the cashier, a nice, good man he is, wanted to be remembered to your mother."

"Oh, not Mr. Pendell; I know him," protested Love; "a younger man, I mean."

"I don't know's I really took notice. There's two or three of 'em—a young Downs has been there a number o' years. Mr. Pendell gets right up, whatever he's doin', an' tends to me himself. They say he don't do it for everybody."

"'Twas a tall, young-lookin' fellow," Love Hayland continued presuasively, but the old farmer shook his head. He had taken note of no one but his old friend, the cashier, and so home they went along the winding road through the snowless winter country. It was after Thanksgiving and Mr. Hayland was two or three weeks later than usual with his semi-annual deposit. Although the northwest wind was behind them, the father and daughter were glad to find themselves in their own warm kitchen again. It was almost night when they got home. The day had been short and bleak, but Love came in with rosy cheeks and dancing eyes and a heart full of pleasure.

"I have had a real good ride," she said; "haven't you, father?"

"'Twas pleasanter than goin' alone," said the plain man, with unwonted gallantry. "I don't know but I like the road full as well in good weather. Mr. Pendell was civil and accommodatin' to me, same's he always is, and sent his respects to you, mother. I see Abel Foster on the street, too, and he was glad to see me, and they meant to ride up to see us if that long spell o' rain hadn't hindered 'em. There wa'n't many on the street; 'twas a bad day."

Love looked at her father with surprise.

"I suppose you got me that set o' knittin' needles?" asked Mrs. Hayland, after looking over the packages that had been brought in.

"I declare, I forgot all about 'em, mother," said Love. "I left them till the last thing because we had to come by the store again and father was in a hurry to get his bank business done. I got into the chaise after I did the other errands and——"

"Dear heart, 'tain't such a great matter," said the kind little mother, with a sigh that Love could not hear. "Somebody'll soon be going again."

Presently Love disappeared and took off her best woolen dress and came back in a comfortable old one, but she had lingered to tie in a piece of red ribbon for a cravat, and she had looked out of the bed-room window toward town to see if she could discover the reflection of the new electric lights. The sky was very cloudy and dark, but she was pretty sure that a dim glow lighted the heavens in that direction. When she came down into the kitchen her father and mother and Jacob Bean, the hired man, were already at supper. Love looked uncommonly pretty, and they all noticed her; the father and mother stole a pleased glance at each other.

"Seems to me you've taken a good while to change your dress," said Mrs. Hayland, gently reproachful.

"It didn't seem long to me," answered Love, honestly. "I didn't know how late 'twas when we got home, it gets dark so early now. Why, I forgot ever so many things I've thought of buyin'. I shall have to go again quick as I can" (with a little blush).

"Come, draw up and have some o' this good warm supper, child," said the father. "I think the road's too plagued rough to drive over again until snow comes. If you'd bought much more I shouldn't had a cent left to leave with Mr. Pendell."

"They weren't all my things," said Love. "Mother, I don't know but I ought to have me a new winter suit after all. Mine seemed to look a little past when I got among folks."

"I thought it looked pretty when you come down ready to go. 'Tis the bother o' getting it made," said the busy little woman. Love was still young for her age and had never settled down into careful womanly ways, though she was already nineteen.

CHAPTER III.

Jonas and Mr. Pendell were alone together in the bank one February morning. One of the young men was away at his brother-in-law's funeral and Hathaway had been sent to Boston on a financial errand. Jonas wished that he could have had the variety of a journey to Boston. Sometimes he felt as if the irksome confinement of his business were telling upon his health and spirits, but he looked perfectly well and unsympathetic friends still congratulated him on his excellent opportunity. The odor of bank bills became more and more unpleasant to him, and once or twice good Mr. Pendell had felt obliged to urge him to greater quickness, not accuracy, for our hero was much to be trusted in his figures. His patron, the rich uncle, looked at him approvingly from under his shaggy, suspicious eyebrows as he went and came about his business or the bank meetings. Jonas lived with this uncle, who was a bachelor, and there was always plenty to do night and morning in the matter of household work, the housekeeper being amiable, but decrepid, and the uncle held the opinion that a lad should be made to work as he had worked in his own youth. Jonas was naturally of a domestic turn and only varied his life now and then by occupying a back seat at an evening meeting. In the bank he sometimes felt important and was upborne by the dignity of his position, but out of bank hours he was simply a clumsy country fellow, unused to town life. He often looked out of the bank window to see that old horse from Oak Hill, but he was never fortunate, though the two bright eyes that looked from under the chaise top still shone like stars in his thoughts.

Mr. Pendell was very busy that morning, and when the door was opened he nodded to Jonas, who had been busy paying and receiving all the morning. As the young man rose he saw the safe horse of his dreams fastened to a post in front of the window. There was an old high-backed sleigh now, with two good buffalo robes and plenty of bright straw. Jonas recognized the quality of the straw and that a most interesting-looking man held the reins. But the bank door was opened and when Jonas turned there stood his pretty girl. He blushed, and she blushed, and they stood looking at each other, but Jonas' business habits stood him in good stead. He reached for the bank book, which was timidly proffered, but he dropped it twice and struck his head on the edge of the counter in trying to pick it up. Mr. Pendell looked up impatiently and that made things worse. The bank book was issued nineteen years before and the only amount credited was a sum placed to the owner's credit when she was a baby by the old aunt for whom she was named. Interest had been added from time to time, so that the hundred dollars was now a comfortable little sum. Love pushed a small roll of bills under the grating. "I want to put this in, too," she said, and Jonas dipped his pen and made an entry of the date and counted the money afterward and set down the amount.

"There's some back interest due you, but Mr. Downs isn't here to-day," said Jonas.

"Father said I could leave the book and call for it some other time. I shall have more to put in next month. I'm keeping school."

They blushed again. Hathaway had returned by an earlier train than was expected, and just then entered the bank, but nobody noticed him though Hathaway was quick to see the blushes.

"Won't it put you out if I leave it?"

"Not at all," said Jonas, with a truly grand air. "Its our business; much snow down your way?"

"A good deal," answered the pretty girl, still blushing, and then they almost looked each other in the face again, but were happily saved the embarrassment.

"Is that all?" asked the girl with touching deference, and Jonas said that it was all, but they both felt as if they wished there were something more, and Love tiptoed out to the empty world of the sidewalk.

"You'd better go out an' untie her horse," suggested Hathway, affectionately, but by means of this jeer Jonas gained one look after the fair depositor and reassured himself of her good looks and that Jacob Bean, the elderly hired man, was not to be feared as a rival.

"That was old Mr. Hayland's girl that was here just before snow came," Jonas told his chief with great interest, for Mr. Pendell had spoken warmly of the farmer.

"Come, step round, Jonas, and get on with your work," urged the cashier. "Seems to me it's one of your numb days and we've got to drive work. It's a bad time to spare Downs." Even this rebuke did not destroy the junior clerk's sense of pleasure. He laid the clean bank book on Downs' desk with a lingering touch. He wished that the proper place for it was on his own desk. Bank books had seemed alike uninteresting until that moment.

As for Love Hayland she had forgotten two of her mother's commissions this time instead of one, and was jogging home speechless with delight.

There was stormy weather late that winter and the roads were drifted, then there came a long season of rain and thaw, while Love's book lay unclaimed in the safe. At last she appeared one Saturday morning in March, when the sun was shining like May and the crows were thick and the road

nearly bare of ice and snow all the way to town. It was the first day that seemed like spring and winter clothes were already too heavy. Spring was in the air and spring was in Love Hayland's look as she rode in the old chaise at her father's side and waited while he tied the horse to a stone post in front of the bank. Then they went in together, the girl had no idea of letting any one else do her business there.

Jonas had seen them drive up and was in a flutter of anticipation. He had the bravery to elbow Hathaway aside from the counter. Mr. Pendell and Joel Hayland were exchanging their usual friendly jokes and compliments. Joel had sold some of his young stock and had come to town with the money. Mr. Pendell retreated presently to his high desk to make up an account of some sort, but active business still went on between Love and Jonas. It took a good while to credit her with that $20 for her month's school keeping, and to display and explain the unexpected amount of interest due her in arrears. Then there was a moment of silence except for the scratching of Hathaway's pen.

"Was you ever to Oak Hill?" Love asked Jonas sweetly, in the hearing of all present.

Joel Hayland turned with sudden alarm and took a good look at the junior clerk before he had time to speak. "I expect you're old Jonas Dyer's nephew by your looks. I heard you were in the bank some time ago; favor your uncle I see. Yes, call in if you're over our way. 'Taint so pleasant now as it will be later on but the road's settlin' fast. Good day, Mr. Pendell, much obleeged to you, sir. The father and daughter departed and Jonas was conscious of that within him which would oblige him to knock down anybody who presumed to smile. As he turned round, however, nobody was smiling; there was an aspect of self-restraint and pious gravity about both Hathaway and Downs; Mr. Pendell was in the safe and if he openly laughed it was inaudible to the young men outside. Jonas knew that misery was in store for him and fairly writhed at having been supposed to resemble his uncle. That close-fisted gentleman was perfectly unendurable of late and our hero determined not to live like a toad under a harrow any longer.

There were no end to the jokes that the two clerks made that day, but none of them had any reference to Oak Hill or Jonas' journey in that direction. In one way the simplicity of Love's question had been a little painful, asked in public as it was, and yet he forgave the lack of maidenly reticence for the sake of a delightful permission won from the father himself. Uncle Jonas was perfectly capable of leaving all his money to the cause of foreign missions and disappointing his poor and worthy relatives of various degrees, but Jonas was glad to have the indorsement of such relationship.

"Was you ever to Pelham Four Corners?" Hathaway asked Jonas as he came in next morning, but Jonas answered yes so meekly as he hung up his coat that the allusion was pressed no further.

"When I was up to my brother-in-law's funeral this winter I heard that there was a man by the name of Waters paying attention to the girl of Mr Hayland's," said Downs, the head clerk. He was a soberer minded man than Hathaway and seemed to speak truthfully. Jonas' heart stood still.

"Was there? What kind of a man is he? She's a pretty girl," asked Hathaway.

"A kind of a seeking widower," answered Downs. "She's younger than he, about 45 per cent, and didn't favor him at first, but he's well off and the old folks help it on. Their farms join, I believe, and 'twill be a good thing all round. I was kind of surprised when they asked a good-looking fellow like Jonas to call. You'd better not make any trouble, Jonas, but perhaps its all settled and the old gentleman felt safe."

CHAPTER IV.

The next Sunday afternoon, Jonas, out of his limited means, hired the smartest single turnout at the best livery stable at Dartford and drove toward Oak Hill. It was like April overhead, but the mud was deep underfoot and he had to walk his impetuous steed the greater part of the way. The day seemed to him perfectly beautiful, and when he was directed to the Hayland farm nobody can describe how pleasant and comfortable it looked. It was joy enough to be out in the country after being cooped up so long in town. He had been promising to go to see his mother at the first good opportunity, but he did not feel the least shame at this selfish use of a holiday. The Hayland's best wagon was in the side yard, they had evidently been to church in the morning and now for the first time Jonas' heart began to beat in an awful and even retarding manner. He could not tie his horse's hitch rein as it should be tied, the knot worked wrong and he grew redder and redder and did not dare to look up at the house windows. Then the door opened and hospitable Joel Hayland came out and welcomed him and they went into the house together. There was Love in her Sunday dress as pretty as a pink, and Mrs. Hayland was motherly and good-natured. She had heard about Jonas from somebody who lived neighbor to his mother and knew what a good steady boy he had always been and that he was doing well in the bank now; nephew and namesake, too, of rich old Jonas Dyer of Dartford. "We should be pleased to have you stop to supper, Mr. Dyer." She invited him kindly, but Jonas thought he ought to get back early. When he turned and looked at Love, however, he forgot time and space, and though they proceeded to speak at length of the state of the roads he felt himself to be entertained indeed, and the last of the long spring afternoon flew by on fleetest wings.

There was a very fresh little fire in the prim best room. Others might have found the wide low-storied kitchen a pleasanter and more airy place to sit, but Jonas and Love had already reached that stage of interest which demands seclusion, and there they sat until the sun was low. It was not art that allured them in the shape of a portrait of Daniel Webster and the Landing of the Pilgrims on the parlor walls; it was not luxury, for the haircloth sofa had stiff springs and sloped forward at a strange angle. What they talked about was also of secondary consideration. It was enough for Love that she talked to Jonas and for Jonas that Love listened to his words. When they came out, trying hard to appear as if it were an every-day visit, Mrs. Hayland stood at the side of the window after parting with the blushing young visitor, and remarked significantly to her husband:

"Joel, just as sure's you're born them two's goin' to keep company."

"Let 'em have it their own way, they're both good child'n," answered Joel, with a sage smile.

Before the spring work began at Oak Hill Jonas announced to Mr. Pendell that he meant to resign his situation, and gave no reason for so doing. Mr. Pendell, who knew the reason from Joel Hayland himself, laid the serious matter before the directors on Monday morning. Jonas had not brooked his uncle's wrath at home by making a declaration of his ingratitude in proposing to leave so promising a financial career. The old man twisted himself about in his chair and looked very black at the first moment of surprise. Then Mr. Pendell said that he had some sympathy with Jonas' decision. The boy was willing and honest and did the best he could, but he was not made for bank work. He was after Joel Hayland's girl over at Oak Hill, and the old folks needed a young, smart man on the farm—it was a good thing all round.

"That's where the young dog's been going every Sunday then," said old Mr. Der, the uncle, with unexpected approval and sympathy. "They're good folks and he might have done worse for himself. If Joel favors the match I'll take hold and give Jonas a little start. I won't have anybody saying that the favor was all on her folks' side."

There was an amiable grumble of applause from the other directors, and the busy cashier at once proposed a sale of bonds which were reported shaky, but rising in market value, and so the great question of the junior clerk's future was quickly solved. The young couple were married in early planting time, and however it may have appeared to other people for them it was ever a miraculous and wonderful thing that they had fallen in love at first sight and that their thoughts had been always of one another even whilst one was in the bank at Dartford and the other far away at Oak Hill.

That autumn Mr. Joel Hayland dreaded the long cold drive to town, and sent the young people, to that bank with his stout pocket book. Jonas had persuaded his father-in-law to make a safe investment in some county bonds and went inside the bank railings to do a bit of writing. As he rose from his old desk he caught sight of Love, well wrapped and looking for him expectantly but of the old chase. Their eyes met as they had met once before, and Jonas knew that she was his wife now, and yet he was still shy, she did look so pretty and so strange, not like anybody else. Perhaps the year was all a dream.

Hathaway was standing close by; Hathaway began to look a little old and blurred in the face, like a worn silver piece, and not so quick and gay as he used. He longed to say: "Was you ever at Oak Hill?" but Jonas had flocks and herds now, and wide acres were under his rule; though he was only twenty-one he was looked upon as a stable citizen and one of growing influence. Perhaps his size was in his favor, at any rate the senior clerks had already more than once declared that his room was better than his company in the bank, he seemed some days to take up the whole floor.

"Call down and see us, boys," said Jonas, pulling on a new pair of great fur gloves. "You, too, Mr. Pendell; 'twould please Father Hayland right through; he was anxious I should make his respects to you. He's got some first rate cider tapped. Well, come when you can, any of you. Good day!"

"Clever boy," said Mr. Pendell; "feels more comfortable where he is, doesn't he?" and at this two clerks smiled assent.

"Jonas was never cut out for anything but a farmer. He feels crowded anywhere except in an open field," said Hathaway, bending over the neat pages of his great ledger.

Jonas and Love were driving out of town with the new horse as fast as the law allowed.

"My!" exclaimed Jonas, "it came over me when I was in the bank how I saw you setting out there that first day. I don't suppose you cared any to speak of about me, but I knew I hadn't got to look further."

"I'm not going to tell you again about that day," said Love, laughing at him. "You know now just as well as I do. There never was two before that had less doubts, I feel sure of that."

"Ain't it first rate that folks can get married," said Jonas soberly. "I never thought anything about it till I come to want you. Now just think o' there being a law o' the state that folks that wants each other can have each other for good an' all! It seemed queer when I begun to think about that."

"Don't you remember how I forgot mother's knittin' needles that very first day?" asked Love, shyly. "I didn't even know what your name was and now here we are riding home together."

Her Birthday.

Will you be busy to-day?" the mother asked as he was opening the door.

"Busy? Yes, of course: why?"

"I thought you could possibly spare an hour to go with me to the cemetery; this is Grace's birthday."

So it was. He had not thought of that, but it accounts for mother's weary face and the silent morning. Men can forget but women lay up all these things in their hearts.

Grace's birthday. Another year without her, but the same face came before him that he saw so many weary years ago. The faces of the living changed before his eyes from month to month, but the silent ones changed not, though the years ran on.

Grace's birthday. How long the years were since she went away. She came, and there came with her joy and love and hopes of happy years. She went away and joy and hope went with her; only the love and remembrance and sorrow remained with them.

Grace's birthday. Yes, he said he would go with the mother.

They talked of that first morning in November, fifteen years before, when she came to them. The day came in with snow and biting winds, but she brought warmth and peace in her little hands. They spoke of the other Novembers, when they had greeted her with kisses and happy wishes, and they wrapped themselves closer from the cold wind and rain that beat upon them as they passed through the gates of the silent city of slumber.

The cemetery was not unlike their spirits. Rude frosts had cut down every tender flower; rough winds had stripped the trees; bare branches swayed in the storm as if mourning their dead children.

As down the path they walked, fresh flowers smiled through the rain, to show where loving hands had lately lingered, and women (always ministering angels of love and sorrow) came hurrying through the storm, their arms filled with chrysanthemums and roses for dear ones' graves. Here and there, so desolate, so pitiful was a long forgotten mound. The brown leaves gathered there as if to hide from the world the neglect of selfish hearts.

The two reached the little graves that meant so much to them. Every plant had been a prayer; every blossom a hope. The feverfew timided at them through its pure white flowers, as if saying: Behold, I am watchful and faithful in spite of the wind and snow." The modest alyssum scarcely raised its face from the ground, but covered every spot that it could. The rose trees held their leaves tenaciously that there might still be something green, and the petunia waved their blossoms in the air as if spreading incense.

Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

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Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Grace's birthday.

Yes, there in the cold, cold marble was cut the day. She came; she died. Here she lies between her sisters, and the years roll on.

The winds and the rain beat down harder upon them and the mother shivers with the cold as she speaks of the children. Scattered about the grounds are other mothers, and sisters, and wives; all are in black and most of them in tears. "Men must work but women must weep." Are they, too, celebrating the birthdays of their dead?

The two turn from the little mounds to again take up the work of the day. But, O, with what a pang one always turn from the grave of a dear one. To go away to light, and warmth, and forgetfulness, while they remain behind cold, silent, but never forgetting!

Yes, I know that what rests here is but clay, but it is the clay of one you love, it is clay that when you saw it last bore the dear features of your precious one; it is clay that can never be anything but one you loved, and when yor pass out of the gate to the busy world you whisper "good-bye," wishing that it was near your door; so near that you could "take your little porringer and eat your supper there."

Among the farming districts one not infrequently sees at the edge of the orchard, the family burying ground. The stones are plain; wild vines often mingled with the more delicate flowers, and the plain fence is there to keep the cattle out rather than to charm the eye of the passer-by. But this home lot is the true conception of a burial place for one's loved ones. A place so near that the mother might watch them as she sewed; so near that one could also be there to read when the shadows fell across it, or step there in the twilight to whisper softly, good night. The little maid said of her churchyard:

> My stockings there I often knit,
> My 'kerchief there I hem;
> And there upon the ground I sit,
> And sing a song to them.

That picture contains it in all its love and completeness.

They pass from the quiet of the city of the dead into the noise and crowding of city car. They greet a friend; talk with an acquaintance of trivial things; separate and pass to their duties—he to buy and sell she to make the day happier for the living because of the sweet memories of the dead. And when they meet again 'tis to take up the story of the loved one, and of the happiness lost out of their lives when she went away.

The Young Women's Christian Association, founded in London in 1857, now has 143 branches, with a membership of 17,000. There are forty institutes, evening homes, and boarding houses where young women from the country can be lodged and cared for at small charge.

A MATRIMONIAL LESSON.

"Yes, old fellow, I ought to be a happy man," said Frank Cooley to his bosom friend, Jack Spiggot, as they sat chatting together in the smoking room of the Mistletoe club. I've got just what I wanted—a wife to look after my interests, and to be a sort of gentle check upon my propensity to make money fly; and I'm settled down, and have no cares and anxieties worth making a bother about."

"I suppose she does perform those duties satisfactorily?" said Jack Spiggot, in rather a meaning tone, which his friend was not slow to note.

"Rather! I'd always heard that no man could marry and keep up a position on £900 a year. Fellows had told me all sorts of yarns about what women want, and what they must and will have. So I went to work carefully, and, after a long look about, found my pearl of gre at price, and so far as I've gone she's been rather a cheap jewel."

"Glad to hear it," remarked Mr. Spiggott. "She certainly dresses as well as any woman I know, and I'm not talking blarney when I tell you that your little Thursday dinners are the most complete affairs of their kind in town. Mind, I'm going to respond for young Francis at the font, and the old Cellini bowl shall go with my blessing."

"All right! You're a good fellow, Jack, and I appreciate it. By the way, the missis is hot on a fancy dress ball for some time next month, and I rely on you to bring some good men; none of your stuffed door-deckers, but fellows who can dance, and anybody else you like."

Whatever Jack Spiggot thought of the sort of economy which considered the giving of a fancy dress ball, among other entertainments, compatible with the position of a young married couple with 900 a year to live on, he said nothing, and an irrestible elevation of his eyebrows was so slight that his friend did not notice it.

Frank Cooley had spoken the truth when he said that in his search for a wife he had gone to work carefully, and when it was announced that Emily, fifth daughter of Rev. Job Farthing, had been lucky enough to win the affection of the handsome, well-to-do young London barrister, it was agreed on all sides that the match was an excellent one. The young lady had received the very best training for the duties of a frugal housewife in that school of adversity which too often lurks behind the picturesque walls of our English rural rectories and vicarages, and she might deem herself especially lucky, inasmuch as her four elder sisters being still unmarried, she had been regarded as a forlorn hope, with a dreary future before her of unbroken devotion to parochial and domestic duties.

But notions of economy and frugality differ very widely, and Mrs. Cooley soon discovered that the rigid parsimony and cheese-paring of an overcrowded country rectory was one thing, and the frugality of a Kensington home owned by a young man who loved the delights and comforts and luxuries of life was very much another thing. So the usual result came about, and the young woman, agreeably disappointed that for the tight curb she had expected was substituted, an easy bearing rein, took the bit between her teeth in all the exuberance and gaiety of a newly released prisoner, until it became a frequent subject of wonder among the gossiping neighbors how on earth the Cooleys managed to cut such a dash as they did upon an income the dimensions of which were perfectly well known.

So matters went on for more than a year, and easy-going, good-natured Frank Cooley did not bother himself about what currents and rocks and shoals there might be under the waters of his life so long as the waves ran with tolerable smoothness, and his household bark sailed bravely on. Now and then, indeed, it occurred to him that the intervals between his Emily's applications for checks were rather brief, but he ascribed his temporary astonishment to his ignorance of what was right; and, moreover, Francis James had been recently added to the family circle, which necessitated the keeping of two extra servants and the purchase of innumerable unconsidered trifles which soon represented a tolerably solid incubus. The Thursday dinners came off regularly, however, with great eclat; some one as a rule dropped into the ordinary daily repast; while Emily, being alone all day, of course, had invariably a guest to lunch; in addition, they went out a good deal, and Emily, not being beauty enough to pass muster unadorned, required the set off of good dressing, so that boxes from the milliner or the bonnet-maker or the furrier arrived with tolerable frequency.

All this was done on £900 a year? Stay—was it?

Jack Spiggot, being an old school fellow and college friend of Frank, enjoyed the privilege of speaking to the latter with the freedom of a brother. He was a senior to Frank by a few years, was also a barrister by profession, although it went no further; lived in comfortable chambers in Jermyn street; had traveled much and seen a great deal of the world, and was, therefore regarded as an oracle by the young Benedict.

He saw at once that the thing was impossible—or, at any rate, that it could not be possible for long—and an incidental incident made him resolve to presume upon the influence he had over his friend and gently hint a few words of warning to him. So, at the club one afternoon, he said to Frank: "Old fellow, I always speak to you openly and plainly, and you've generally, so far from resenting it, thanked me for it afterward, and so I hope you won't depart from your old rule if I say something upon a rather delicate subject."

"Out with it, Jack. I'm ready," answered Frank.

"It's about your wife."

"About my wife! Great scott! What about her?"

"Well, do you know that she is in the habit of borrowing money?"

"Emily borrow money? Well, you do amaze me! She has no need to, and she's really so careful and moderate that even from you I feel inclined to question the statement."

"Well, all I can say is that I met her coming out of Darker's, the tailor, in Maddox street yesterday. Everybody knows that Darker is quite as much usurer as tailor, and I don't think you can imagine that she would be at the establishment of a man's tailor for ordinary purposes."

"Oh, my dear fellow, it's a mistake!" said Frank, with a very poor attempt at smiling the matter off. "I know she had to go there—in connection with our fancy dress ball! That's all right."

But Jack Spiggott knew that it was not all right—and more, he knew that his friend knew that it was not all right, for he seemed abstracted during the rest of the interview.

The next day, on his way home, Frank called in at Maddox street and interviewed Mr. Darker. What he learned confirmed all that his friend had suggested. After reflecting on the best course to adopt he decided to be perfectly frank and come to an understanding with his wife at once.

"Emily, my dear," he said to her as soon as they were alone that evening. "I want you to tell me whether you have any bills unpaid and what they are."

A look of suspicion and alarm which did not escape her husband passed over the wife's face; but she quickly recovered her self-possession, and replied:

"Nothing to speak of. Only the week's housekeeping accounts and a few pounds for dressmaking."

"Do you really mean to tell me," said Frank, "that you owe nothing more than that?"

"I have told you so," replied little Mrs. Cooley, sharply. "Don't you believe me? If you don't, please say so."

Frank did not believe her, for he knew that the statement was false, but he could not bring himself to say so. He had hoped that his wife would at once have made a clean breast of her peccadilloes. He was, therefore, pained at her defiant tone, and at the readiness with which she told him an untruth. For the moment he dropped the subject; but seeing that Emily had not only deceived him, but was evidently resolved to continue the deception, he decided to discover the truth for himself before speaking to her more plainly.

With this view, he called during the next day or two at various millinery and other establishments where he knew that his wife dealt. He also made various investigations at home. A little later he brought out his friend Jack Spiggott and confided to him the result of his discoveries. The pair had a long talk over the business, and Mr. Cooley departed much easier in his mind.

"My dear," said Frank to his wife that evening, "Jack Spiggot is coming to dine with us next Thursday as it is baby's birthday. He says he must drink his godson's health, so don't forget to have the goblet out which he gave Frank at his christening."

Mrs. Cooley nodded her head, and drew up the newspaper she was reading to hide the sudden flush of color which came to her cheeks.

She left the room very shortly afterward, and while Frank sat smoking below she was running from room to room, searching cupboards and drawers, overhauling bags and reticules and boxes and cases, turning up carpets, peeping under beds—all for a little piece of yellow cardboard upon which was emblazoned the fact that Messrs. Methuselah of the Strand, had advanced the sum of £10 upon a silver goblet.

"Now, what shall I do?" cried the distracted woman, with a strong emphasis on the first word. "Here's a pretty state of things! What could I have done with it? I daren't ask the servants if they have seen such a thing as a pawn-ticket."

Then she sat down looking blankly before her, the very picture of shame and despair.

The next morning, directly her husband had left the house, she went as fast as a hansom could take her to the establishment of Messrs. Methuselah in the Strand. Her awkward position gave her courage to enter boldly, and without any previous reconnoitering a place into which a year before she would hardly have gone disguised and after dark.

A young Semitic gentleman of the usual type inquired her business in the off-hand fashion peculiar to men of his calling, who, having to deal with customers who to a extent are at their mercy, accommodate their deportment accordingly.

"About a month ago," said Mrs. Cooley, "I pawned a silver goblet here for £10, but I have, unfortunately, lost the ticket. I am very anxious to have a goblet, and I am willing to pay what is required."

"The youth shook his head.

"No ticket, no goblet," he said. "It's against the law. Can't be done. Must produce the ticket. Leastways, if you don't produce it, you must go before a magistrate and make a haffidavit that you have lost it and that the harticle belongs to you. Unless you do that, whoever gives the ticket gets the harticle.

Mrs. Cooley's sense of being in a desperate plight alone prevented her from resenting, not only the substance of this speech, but the familiar, almost insolent tone in which it was delivered. She felt that it would be better to make a clean confession to her husband than to publish her trouble by going before a magistrate.

"But if I were to give you references?" began the poor lady, but stopped short when she considered how impossible it was to refer Mr. Methuselah to any of her acquaintances.

"A reference to the Harchbishop of Canterbury wouldn't be no good," said the youth; "but I'll tell you what I can do; I won't give up the article until I have communicated with you."

"Very well, that will do," said Mrs. Cooley, clutching at the straw. So she wrote down the address of the green-grocer, and desired the letter to be forwarded there. Then she went out, hopeless and dazed. Suddenly a thought struck her. She hailed a hansom and told the driver to take her to Fleet street.

* * * * * *

Now, just about this very time the authorities at Scotland Yard were severely excited as to a daring burglary which had been committed at the town residence of a nobleman with such admirable secrecy and success that not the faintest clue could be obtained as to the whereabouts of the perpetrators, who had decamped with a large and valuable booty of gold and silver plate. Of course, the police were furnished with a complete list of the stolen articles, and in accordance with usual practice, a sharp watch was kept upon all pawnbroking establishments.

One morning there appeared in the agony columns of two or three of the morning papers the following advertisement:

"Lost, a pawn-ticket, with Messrs. Methuselah & Co., for a silver goblet. Pledged for £10. A handsome reward will be paid to whosoever will give information leading to the recovery of the above ticket to X. care of——."

It need hardly be said that Mrs. Cooley had inserted the above advertisement in the desperate hope that she had dropped the ticket in the street. Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning passed; each day she had called at the address she had given, in the hope that she might gain some information concerning the miserable piece of pasteboard, but without success.

Three courses remained open to her—to say nothing about the goblet to her husband, and to trust to its appearance on the table escaping his memory; to tell him all about it, and to make a final appeal to Messrs. Methuselah. She decided on trying the last course first, and accordingly she went to the shop of Messrs. Methuselah.

The young man recognized her and smiled just as he would have smiled at the reappearance of one of his habitual clients. "I've come again to ask you to let me have the goblet about which I spoke to you the other day, and the ticket for which I have lost."

"The ticket has been presented," replied the young man, "and the cove that presented it has been run in. He has been run in. He's at Bow street now, and the goblet with him."

"But how was that?" asked Mrs. Cooley agitated so that he could hardly speak.

"Well, he wouldn't give his name, and he couldn't give a satisfactory account of his possession of the cup, so he was took off. I rather think they have an idea it has some thing to do with this 'ere burglary. But if you go to Bow street they 'll let you see him."

"I thought you were going to communicate with me before you parted with the goblet?" said Mrs. Cooley.

"'Ow could I? Here was the copper and there was the cove. The law's the law, and it ain't for us to go against it."

Off went Mrs. Cooley to Bow street, meditating as she went over the strange irony of fate which should lead her, the religiously and strictly brought up daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of a well-known barrister, to visit in the same day a pawnbroker's shop and a police station.

Arrived there, she stated her mission to the inspector.

"Well, mum," he said, "we're waiting here for the butler from Lord Penge's house to recognize this goblet as belonging to his master; but if you like to give me your name and address—"

Mrs. Cooley, after a moment's hesitation, wrote down her address. The inspector looked at it, smiled and said:

"It seems all right. But—here comes his lordship's butler. I won't keep you a moment, mum."

He went to a safe, brought out the goblet, and held it up for the inspection of a florid man who had entered.

"Is that one of yours?" he asked.

The butler, after carefully examining it, shook his head and went out.

"Now then, mum," said the inspector, producing a card, "perhaps you can tell me what you know about that gentleman?"

Mrs. Cooley glanced at the piece of pasteboard which the policeman handed to her and her head swam. It was Mr. Frank Cooley's card.

"My husband's card!" she exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning is that the gent who has just given that card presented the ticket for the goblet at Methuselah's. He declined to answer questions as to how he came by it, and he is now detained pending inquiries."

"Oh, let me speak to him, please!" cried Mrs. Cooley.

After a moment's reflection the inspector left the room and returned with Frank Cooley.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" exclaimed the poor woman, throwing herself into her husband's arms. "This has been such a lesson to me! Such a humiliating lesson! Can you—will you forgive me?"

"Of course, I do, my love," replied her husband. "And I do hope it is a lesson."

The goblets duly appeared on the dinner table when Jack Spiggot came the next day, and he very soon divined that affairs were about to take a turn for the better in the little household when Frank Cooley told him that they had decided not to have the fancy dress ball.

Mother—What makes you cry that way?

Johnnie—Our poor teacher has been sick so long, and—and—

What! Did he die?

No—no—he is getting well—boo hoo.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the **Bowels, Kidneys and Liver,** carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time **Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility;** all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

A ROMANCE OF SILK.

The Story of the Old Mills in the Derwent.

One of the most interesting relics in this interesting old city has disappeared forever. It was a big building, or cluster of buildings, on an island in the Derwent River. For many generations it was a landmark of the place, and a cherished landmark, since it represented one of the chief sources of the industrial greatness of Derby. But in the course of more than a century and a half time wrought sad havoc on the edifice. A few weeks ago a considerable portion of it fell into ruin, and the wall toppled over into the Derwent. It was then seen to be necessary to pull down the remaining portions. There will soon, therefore, be nothing left of it, and its site will in time be occupied by some new structure.

The old building was the first silk-mill ever built in England. There were a few workers of hand-looms at Spitalsfield, where the industry dated back to the Protictorati-These were mostly French Protestant refugees, who had fled to England for safety from persecution. They brought over with them their old hand-looms, and first practised silk-weaving on English soil. After the Edict of Nantes was revoked, many more refugees came over and joined the Spitlasfield colony, so that before this Derby mill was built there were thousands of silk-looms at work. These were all hand-looms, however, each worked by its owner in his own cottage, and they produced only a few

VARIETIES OF SILK CLOTH,

and not near y enough to supply the demands of the English market. The trade was very profitable, and many great fortunes had their origin among the hand-looms of Spitalsfield. Yet England had still to look abroad, chiefly to Italy, for her chief supplies of silk.

Early in the eighteenth century, however, a young man named John Lombe conceived the idea of building a mill where looms might be run by water-power, and where there might be made successful competition with the famous silk factories of Italy. It was not an easy thing to do. For, to begin with, he must go to Italy to learn how to equip and operate the mill. And the Italian factories were secret institutions, from which sight-seers and all visitors were rigidly excluded. Lombe went to Italy, however, and, disguised as a laborer, secured employ ment in a silk mill. Even then he could not gain the information he wanted, as some important parts of the establishment were kept under lock and key, only the actual operators of the machines being admitted. He accordingly had recourse to bribery. Two of the foremen of the mill were induced in this way to give him secret access to all parts of the building, at times when the machinery was not in motion. He was thus enabled to study it carefully and make drawings of all essential parts. But about the time when he had learned it all, he and his accomplices were detected by the proprietors of the mill in the act of making drawings of some of the machinery. Had they been arrested they could

HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED,

perhaps for life; for in those days it was a serious matter to spy upon an industry which was protected by the Government as a monopoly. But by a desperate struggle and flight they got away, taking with them the drawings. Heavy rewards were offered, for their apprehension, and they had many narrow escapes. But at last they reached the coast in disguise and bribed the owner of a fishing-boat to take them out and put them aboard the first English vessel they met. In this way they all got to England in safety, and Lombe frequently remarked that their detection was really a godsend to him since it forced the foremen to flee with him and thus gave him two skilled assistants in his work in England.

The three men got back to England in 1717, and a year later had erected the mills at Derby which have now been demolished. The concern was the wonder of the whole community and Lombe was the hero of the hour, both on account of his enterprise in founding a new and important industry and also because of his romantic career in Italy and his hairbreadth escapes. His adventures, indeed, were the subject of song and story, and were even dramatized and presented with great success on the stage. But in Italy the feeling was bitter. There was much diplomatic haggling over it, and even some talk of war, which ended in talk. Then vengeance was determined on. Two women were selected as best fitted to accomplish the task. One of them was the young and beautiful daughter of the chief proprietor of the mill in which Lombe had been employed and the other was one of her friends. They left Italy in disguise and came to Derby, where they pretended to be Italian refugees seeking employment. Lombe himself accepted them and set them to work in his mill, and they watched their opportunity to assassinate him and burn the mill. But before their design could be put in execution a

CURIOUS AND ROMANTIC

thing occurred. The women both fell violently in love. The daughter of the Italian mill-owner set her affections upon Lombe himself, and her friend became enamored of one of Lombe's Italian accomplices. In the former case the love was all on one side. Indeed, the girl never let Lombe know of her affection for him. But she worshipped him at a distance and in silence. She of course abandoned her scheme of vengeance and determined to live in Derby all the rest of her life, so as to be near Lombe. Her companion, however, persisted in her design of murder, although she was compelled to pretend to the other girl that she had given it up. She took her lover into her confidence, and by her persuasions got him to turn against Lombe and aid her in killing him. Indeed, it was the runaway Italian foreman himself who put the poison in Lombe's food. When this was done Lombe fell ill at once. The doctors could do nothing for him, being ignorant of the nature of the poison. It was, however, a slow poison, and he did not die for a year. He pluckily took advantage of that time to impart to others all the knowledge of silk weaving that he had gained in Italy, so that they could carry on the work after his death. Then he died, at the age of twenty-nine, and all Derby mourned the loss. His murderer escaped to Italy and was never punished, but both the women remained in England.

Lombe's brother Thomas then carried on the enterprise. It was to him, indeed, that the King granted letters patent for the silk-weaving machinery which John Lombe had made from his Italian plans. The patent is dated September 9, 1718, and it sets forth that "Thomas Lombe, of Our City of London, merchant, hath by his petition humbly presented unto us, shown and set forth that he has by long studies, paines and travels and at great expense found out and brought to perfection three sortes of engines never before made or used within this our Kingdom of Great Britain, one to wind the

FINEST RAW SILK,

another to spin, and the other to twist the next Italian raw silk into organzie in great perfection which was never before done in this our Kindgom, by which means many thousand familes of our subjects may be constantly employed in Great Britain, be furnished with silks of all sorts of the manufacture of our subjects, and great quantities exported into foreign parts by being made as good and cheap as any foreign silk can be." Therefore His Majesty granted to Thomas Lombe, for the space of fourteen years, the exclusive right to operate such machinery and to manufacture silken fabric by means thereof.

The original factory was enlarged by Thomas Lombe until it was really a very considerable affair. Says a writer of those times who visited it: "One hand will twist as much silk as before could be done by fifty, and that in a truer and better manner. This engine contains 26,586 wheels and 97,746 movements, which work 73,726 yards of silk thread every time the water-wheel goes round, which is three times in one minute, and 318,504-960 yards in one day and night. One water-wheel gives motion to all the rest of the wheels and movements, of which any one may be stopped separately. One fire-engine likewise conveys warm air to every individual part of the machine, and the whole work is governed by one regulator. The house which contains this engine is of vast bulk, and five or six stories high." But despite his patent, Lombe did not prosper.

The building was costly, and the outlay so exhausted his means that he actually had to appeal to the country for support. The end of the matter was that Parliament purchased from him for $75,000 the right to copy his machines, and soon thereafter many other silk mills were opened in various parts of England. But with these new means the original Derby mill was now operated successfully, and for many years was the most important establishment of the kind in England. There is now some talk of erecting a monument to the Lombe brothers on the site of the mill, but the project has yet taken no practical form. It would, however, be only a fitting tribute to one of the great benefactors not only of Derby itself but of all England.

Anxious Mother—"My dear, does that young man who comes to see you belong to a good family?" Daughter—"Yes, ma. He comes of old colonial stock, dating way back to the Mayflower." Mother—"I am delighted to hear that. But are you sure of it?" Daughter—"Yes, indeed. You ought to hear him cough."

WINTER WILES.

So you called at Mr. Jones' about the little bill," said the merchant to the clerk "Yes, sir." "And what did you find out?" "Mr. Jones."

Malt liquors may not be generally condemned, but the consensus of opinion is to the effect that Porter is decidedly unpopular herein New York.

Boy—"Say, mister, please give me five cent's worth of castor oil and give me very short measure, too," Druggist—"Short measure? Why?" Boy—"Cos I've got to take it myself."

Teacher—"Correct. Woman is in the feminine gender. Now the sentence speaks of a young woman in fashionable attire. What gender is attire?" Bright Boy—"Masculine."

Visitor—"Isn't your mother afraid, Willie, of catching cold in those slippers?" Willie—"Huh, I guess you don't know them slippers! Ma uses them to warm the whole family with."

Ethel—"How do you manage to distinguish the men who wish to marry for money from those who really love you?" Maud—"Those who really love me make such awful fools of themselves."

Cumso—"A French woman permits relatives to kiss her cheek, friends to kiss her hand and her lover to kiss her lips." Banks—"Then all gallant young Frenchmen must live a hand-to-mouth existence."

"I might remark, said the young man who has met with persistent and repeated refusals, "that you are one of the wisest young women I ever met." Why?" "Because you seem to 'no' everything."

A mark of the cloven hoof—
To hide his breath a clove is used
By almost every rover,
He feels that he's in clover.

A Debutanti's View: Pauline—"So they're to be married this month?" Perdita—"Yes." Pauline—"What fools!" Perdita—"Why?" Pauline—"To spoil a whole Winter of fun for a few wedding presents!"

Sparing the rod—
There was a wild girl named Eliza,
Whose ma was afraid to chastize,
Because the bad child
Had been so spiled
That the sight of a switch would surprize.

How He Gave Himself Away.

He wanted to make a good impression on the old man at the church fair. So at the ice water stand he took a cupful of the crystal fluid and remarked:

"Ah, that's the stuff, Mr. Jobson?"

"Why, did you never drink anything, Augustus?" he asked.

"Never!" he answered firmly but absent-mindedly, and then saying: "Here's to you!" he thoughtlessly blew off what under other circumstances, or if he had been a drinking man, might have been the froth.

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

IVER & KIDNEYS

There are various ways of washing dishes—possibly the above is the worst. If you want your dishes, glassware, silver, &c., perfectly clean and bright, wash them with Pearline Being a powder it is especially convenient for this work—besides it keeps the dish-rag clean, pure, sweet. Put Pearline in sinks and basins, turn on hot water; it will cleanse the waste pipes. Many women use Pearline for these purposes only; they are only half wise. For the laundry, kitchen and house-cleaning, in fact wherever soap is used, try Pearline—it's better, quicker, and saves labor—it has no equal, no rival. It is as harmless as the finest imported castile soap. *Beware of peddled imitations.* Pearline is never peddled, but all grocers sell it. 147 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE LITTLE NIGHTINGALE.

BY FAYSIE.

There was one time a little peasant boy, called Hans, who every day went into the forest to catch singing birds, which he carried to the city and sold for whatever price he could get for them, and the small amount of money he received was given toward paying the rent of their humble home, or to buy food and clothes for his younger sister. It was always a great grief to Hans that his dear, kind mother must work so hard to provide for her children, and often while setting his snares in the forest, the boy would think: "If my father had only lived, or I was able to earn money for mother and sister, how happy we would be.

One morning when Hans had gone on his usual errand into the forest, to his great delight he found entangled in one of his nets a nightingale, for which he know that he would receive a good price, and already visions of the purchases he would make were floating through his mind, when in a sweet, plaintive voice, the bird cried: "Please set me free. In my nest, in yonder tree, are three young birds watching for me to bring them food, and if I do not return they must die of hunger. Set me free and I shall tell you how you may become rich and have plenty of money."

Hans at once released the nightingale, and when it had flown to a low bush near by and warbled a song of thanks, it said: "Every day, under those three pine trees which you see in the distance, a little, old man walks to and fro, and says to himself: 'How glad I am that no one knows I am called Zeierle.' Go to him, and when you have told him his name, he must tell you how to become rich."

The bird then flew to its nest, and Hans hastened to the three pines, and hid behind some bushes. He had not long to wait; for in a few moments the dwarf appeared, and as he walked to and fro he repeated: "How glad I am that no one knows that my name is Zeierle."

After watching the little man curiously for some time, Hans stepped forth and said: "Good morning, my friend, what a beautiful day it is."

"Good, morning," replied the dwarf "how came you here?"

"I am out for a walk," said Hans, "and thought this a lovely spot.

"Well, since you are here," said the dwarf, "you must guess my name, and as a special favor I shall allow you three trials."

Hans appeared to think for a moment, and then he asked: "Are you called Casper?"

"No, no," replied the dwarf, laughing heartily, "you must guess better than that if you would know my name."

After seeming to think more intently than before Hans said: "Perhaps your name is Carl."

At this the little man laughed louder than ever, and in his glee jumped over a small pine tree.

"Then," said Hans, "you must be called Zeierle."

The dwarf was struck dumb with astonishment. He gazed wonderingly at the boy, then taking his cane he ordered Hans to follow him. For several hours they walked through rough forests paths unknown to Hans, and finally they came to a large rock, on which the dwarf knocked with his cane. Immediately a tiny door opened, and they entered a long, dark hall, so narrow that Hans had to bend his head to keep from striking it against the rocky ceiling. At the end of this hall was another door, leading into a large room, which was so bright that Hans was almost blinded by the dazzling light which shone from wall and ceiling. The room was filled with little dwarfs, who, when they had bowed respectfully to Zeierle, cried: "Our master has brought us a new cook."

"What do they mean by saying that?" asked Hans, who began to feel a little timid in the presence of so many strangers. "I know nothing about cooking."

"But you will soon learn," said a friendly dwarf, who stood near, "and I shall now show you where you are to begin your work."

He then led the way into a great kitchen. Along the wall stood dozens of stoves and ovens of all sizes, and before each Hans was delighted to see a boy, like himself, wearing a large white apron, and a white cap, busy over the stove. The dwarf now opened the doors of the different ovens and showed Hans what was being cooked. There were ducks and chickens roasting, cakes and pies baking, all kinds of preserves stewing, and all smelt so good that Hans became very hungry. The dwarf led him to a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, and placed before him a good meal. While the boy was eating the dwarf said: "You will soon learn to cook, for I shall teach you, and all the others will help. If you work faithfully, and learn rapidly, you will soon be able to return home, and to take plenty for your mother and sister."

Hans put on the cap and apron, and set to work with a will. He listened carefully to all the instructions, and in a short time became so skillful that he was called the best cook in the kitchen. As the days went by Hans thought often of his mother and sister, and, finally, grew so homesick that he was very unhappy. One day Zeierle came into the kitchen and said to Hans; "You have now served your time. Take off your apron, the cap you may keep in remembrance of us, and follow me."

Hans shouted for joy, and followed the dwarf into a dark cave. Here was bag, piled upon bag, and all were filled with silver and gold.

"Take as much as you can carry in your pockets," said Zeierle, "that will be your reward."

"Hurrah," cried Hans, as he busily filled his pockets, "now we can buy a house, mother need not work any more, and little sister will not have to gather wood in the cold winter. Thank you a thousand times, my good friend."

The dwarf smiled kindly, and after telling Hans to be good and honest, he let him to the entrance of the cave. Hans bounded through the narrow opening; but when he had gone a short distance he stood still a moment, and thought: "How shall I find the way home? I did not come here alone, and I know not which way leads to the village."

He turned to ask Zeierle; but the dwarf was nowhere to be seen, and although he again sought the rock, he could not find the door, and could gain no responses to his repeated knocks. After wandering about for some time, vainly seeking a path which would lead him home, Hans sat down and began to cry bitterly, thinking that in spite of his gold he must perish in the forest. Many birds, about to seek their nests for the night, flew around the boy, and pecked at his clothes, as if to offer their sympathy; but no one had a word of encouragement, until a little nightingale flew near, and in a voice, which the boy at once recognized, said: "Why Hans, is this you? Ten years ago you set me free from your nets, and now I am ready to guide you home."

"Time passes very quickly with the dwarfs, replied the nightingale, "and when you see your mother and sister, you will know that you have been away ten years."

The bird then flew before Hans, and in a short time the village was reached. Hans hastened to his home, and through the open window he could see his mother bending over her sewing. Hans knocked, and when his little sister opened the door, she cried;

"Mother, mother, here is Hans, who was lost ten years ago, and he is no larger than when he went away."

There was great joy in that humble home that night, and when Hans emptied out his pocketfuls of gold, their happiness was complete. The house was bought, also fields, meadows, cows, ducks, and sheep, and the tired mother could now rest from her many labors. Hans soon became a rich farmer, and every evening, before his door, the little nightingale sang its sweet song.

Little Things.

A clever woman once wrote an article which appeals to every one on the "natural depravity of inanimate objects," and it does seem sometimes as if things had some wicked malice of their own and could spirit themselves out of sight and reach in a manner quite incomprehensible. Nevertheless, our reason tells us we have only ourselves to blame for want of order and system. But it is rather alarming to think how little things affect our lives, and that some thoughtless negligence may begin a chain of circumstances that may work us weal or woe. Thackeray tells us that if we

> Sow an act we reap a habit,
> Sow a habit and we reap a character,
> Sow a character and we reap a destiny.

And there is another dictation—an ancient one—which relates how

> For the want of a nail a shoe was lost,
> For the want of a shoe a rider was lost,
> For the want of a rider a kingdom was lost.

Let us hope, however, that our little negligences may not culminate with such alarming rapidity. But that we should take heed of these same "little things" is a lesson we should all learn, and not learn merely, but practice, and so save ourselves and others a world of trouble.

Bro. Wyndow was present at Crystal Lodge last month, and gave his original essay on "It takes nine tailors to make a man." The production is pronounced very good.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A REVIEW OF DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERY.

I.—Dr. Koch, of Berlin, did not discover the parasitic origin of consumption, as has been claimed. That was discovered by Dr. Martin and proclaimed by him in 1722—more than a hundred years before Koch was born. It was ably advocated by Dr. Barron in 1819, by Dr. Carmichael in 1836 and Dr. Lanza in 1849. In 1855, before Koch was even a physician, I published extracts from their works in the "Specialist and Journal of Diseases of the Chest," which can now be seen at my office.

II.—In 1882 Dr. Koch examined under the microscope, and classified the particular microbe which produces consumption, thus proving the parasitic theory held by Drs. Martin, Barron, Carmichael, Lanza and myself, and forever settling the dispute between us and the general profession as to the true cause and nature of the disease.

III.—Dr. Koch *now* announces the discovery of a new fluid for hypodermic injection, which he thinks may control the incipient manifestations of consumption. He does not claim that this fluid will expel the microbes from the lungs or heal the ravages produced by them. He has neither cured nor pretended to be able to cure by it ordinary cases of consumption.

Such being the plain facts in regard to Dr. Koch, why are so many of our doctors rushing off to Berlin? They have heretofore held a different theory, claimed to be authorities on lung cases, and derived their chief income from the treatment of the unfortunate victims of consumption; but now admit, in published interviews, they have never been able to cure it, even in its "earliest stage" and "mildest form," and are "uncertain whether it can be cured" at all. Why did they not, eight years ago, when Dr. Koch first proved the *bacillus* microbe to be the true and only cause of consumption, give up their false theories and fatal treatments, and frankly confess that they had been wrong? *They* neither changed their treatment nor admitted the value of Dr. Koch's demonstrations, and only do so now because they hear he has discovered some kind of a *fluid* said to be of value in consumption. Before they know the ingredients of this so called "*Lymph*," or its nature even, they suddenly abandon the theories and doctrines on which their whole professional reputation, in regard to consumption, has hitherto rested, proclaim Dr. Koch a veritable God of Æsculapius, endow his "*Lymph*" with miraculous powers, and virtues never dreamed of by Koch himself, and rush off to Berlin in fierce competition to see which shall be first to secure some of the "Lymph" and come back here High Priest of the New Faith!

The doctrine these physicians have always held is that consumption is a "*disease of the blood*," depending on "*inherited taint*," involving the "*whole constitution*," and only to be reached by general treatment. The doctrine which I have held and taught for the past forty years is that true consumption is of *parasitic origin—local in its nature*, having its seat in the breathing organs—(the constitutional derangements being consequences of the local disease—not causes of it), and only to be cured by remedies acting on and through the lungs. Dr. Koch's demonstrations confirm my theory and destroy theirs.

In 1881 I based on the germ theory a scientific treatment for consumption and kindred diseases of the lungs, by medicated air inhalation, applying powerful antiseptic germicides directly to the seat of the disease. By this treatment I am curing, and have cured thousands of consumptives in every stage of the disease, even to the most confirmed, and they are now *living* to bear witness to the fact. The results I have gained prove this treatment to be not merely "BENEFICIAL IN MILD CASES," but curative in all forms of lung disease.

The recent visitation of "LA GRIPPE" or influenza was an example of parasitic disease. The germs filled the atmosphere and were carried in with the breath. They fastened their fangs into the lining of the nasal passages, throat, larynx, wind pipe and lungs, which parts became the seat of the disease. For such a condition the only common sense *course* was to attack it in the air-passages and lungs by inhaled remedies. Instead of doing that, physicians in general merely tried to *palliate the symptoms* by dosing the stomach with anti-febrin, anti-pyrin, quinine, etc., under which course hundreds of people lost their lives in the acute stage, many more died within a few months of the attack, of quick consumption, and thousands laid, in that visitation, the foundation of future lung disease. Such treatment and such results dishonor the practice of medicine. It is sheer empiricism no matter by whom prescribed. Every case of la grippe could have been broken up and cured within three or four days, without leaving behind any injury or weakness of the lungs.

Whether Dr. Koch has really discovered any medicine or benefit, in consumption—cannot be known until he has revealed its composition, or proved its value. As yet he has done neither. I doubt the reality of such a discovery, because he himself has not claimed it, and because all the "benefits" and "improvements" reported have been of "lupus" cases, (a comparatively rare skin disease never heretofore classed with consumption, or described in treatises on that disease). There are a hundred cases of consumption to every one of lupus, yet so far not one case of well authenticated consumption has been cured by his "lymph."

We *have* remedies which destroy the germs and cure the disease, if properly applied by inhalation, and it is quite possible others may be discovered, of equal or greater value. But if so they must be applied, by inhalation, to the germs and parts diseased or they will neither destroy the one nor heal the other.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.
822 Broadway, New York, and 109 Bay St. Toronto.

Dr. Hunter has removed from 71 to 109 Bay St. where his pamphlet on the treatment of catarrh, bronchitis and asthma by medicated air can be had free on application personally or by letter address,

DRS. R. & J. HUNTER.
109 Bay St. Toronto.

For Whooping Cough.

Dr. Hugo Lowenthal, of Professor Senator's clinic in Berlin, has tried bromoform in the treatment of whooping cough, it having been recommended by Dr. Stepp, of Nurnberg, and he is disposed to agree with him in considering it a very valuable remedy. Dr. Lowenthal says that it exerts an almost specific action upon whooping cough, at all events if it is used at the commencement. A hundred children were treated with it, varying in age from eight weeks to seven years. The doses given were from three to five drops three or four times a day. The liquid was simply dropped into a tablespoonful of water, and formed a bead floating in the water. The quantity dispensed at once was about a drachm. The parents were cautioned to keep the bromoform from the light, as otherwise it is liable to be decomposed. As a rule, the good effects of the medicine began to show themselves on the second or third day, the vomiting being arrested within a week after the commencement of the bromoform. In cases where complications, such as pneumonia, occurred, they ran a favorable course, and where there were relapses, a return to the bromoform soon arrested the symptoms. In a very few cases the drug appeared to produce sleepiness and lassitude, and in one case that of a weekly child a little over a year old, where a drachm had been given in the course of three days, a semi-comatose condition was induced. Subcutaneous injections of ether revived the child, who was found to have pneumonia. This, however, ran a rapid and favorable course, and afterward the whooping cough was successfully treated by renewed doses of bromoform.

THE CHRISTMAS WREATH.

By Isabel A. Mallon.

Who would think that there needed to be a plea for the Christmas wreath! And yet, from over the country the Gradgrinds of civilization are objecting to its glossy, green leaves and its bright, red berries, and saying that it is nothing but a bit of sentimentality! A bit of sentimentality, is it, my masters? So is every gentle, kind memorial; so is every remembrance of a birthday or a joyful wedding. So it is a bit of sickly sentimentality when you do not think it worth while to put a little bunch of flowers on the grave of the baby who, two years ago screamed with delight at the sight of the Christmas tree glittering with its gay lights and funny fruit. We want a little more of sentimentality in this world and a little less realism. The Christmas wreath, the star of Bethlehem hung in your window and mine, tells the outsiders that we believe that the Christ has come, and that we wish good-will to men. In many a home it is the only token of Christmas, and a bit of green, telling, as it does, of the belief in the present and a hope for the future, is something too precious to be cast aside. Say, mother, that it is your boy or mine, far off in some city alone on Christmas Eve; say that he has done that which is wrong and has fled from the sight of all who knew him. Say that he has been wandering around wondering what they are all doing at home, thinking of the time when he helped fix Christmas wreaths, and now there seems no home, no God, nothing for him. He passes by his neighbor's window, and the bright light from across the street shows him the green wreath and the red star just as it was last year. It is in somebody else's window, to be sure, but then he knows that though the world is so big, though the people are so many, there are yet those who put up the sign of joy and gladness that gives him, a stranger within the gates, a thought of a new life and a willingness to go ahead with all his might, that he may go back, not like the prodigal, to the old home and be welcomed with joy and honour. That's what the wreath in the window does. It whispers in every berry, in every green sprig, of hope and encouragement, and it tells again and again that the angels are proclaiming afresh, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men."

Indian Christmas.

Away up on the northern shore of Lak Winnipeg is Norway House, one of the oldest and largest stations of the Hudson Bay Company. To this point the Indians of a large territory bring their furs for sale or exchange. In the winter season Norway House has been a lively place for many years, especially during the holidays, when the company has been accustomed to provide some appropriate entertainment for its Indian hunters and trappers. A Christmas dinner given here more than forty years ago is described by Mr. Ballantyne.

It was with something like awe that I entered the room, and beheld two long rows of tables, with puddings, pies, tarts, stews, hashes, and vegetables of all shapes, sizes and descriptions smoking thereon. I feared for the Indians, although they can stand a great deal in the way of repletion; moderation being, of course, out of the question, with such abundance of good things placed before them.

A large shell was sounded after the manner of a bugle, and all the Indians of the village walked into the room and seated themselves, the women on one side of a long table, the men on the other. Mr. Evans stood at the head, and asked a blessing; and then commenced a work of demolition, the like of which has not been seen since the foundation of the world!

The pies had strong crusts, but the knives were stronger; the paste was hard and the interior tough, but Indian teeth were harder and Indian jaws tougher; the dishes were gigantic, but the stomachs were capacious, so that ere long numerous skeletons and empty dishes alone graced the board.

One old woman, of a dark-brown complexion, with glittering black eyes and awfully long teeth, set up in the wholesale line, and demolished the viands so rapidly that those who sat beside her, fearing a dearth in the land, began to look angry; fortunately, however, she gave in suddenly, while in the middle of a venison pasty, and reclining languidly backwards, with a sweetly contented expression of countenance, while her breath came thickly through her half-opened mouth, she gently fell asleep,—and thereby, much to her chagrin, lost the tea and cakes which were served out soon afterwards by way of dessert.

When the seniors had finished, the juveniles were admitted in a crowd, and these soon cleared away the remnants of the feast.

Turned Out All Right.

"Goo-good-night," said Mr. Sylvester, with an effort as he reached his own house. "Hope you won't find your wife sitting up f-for you. Mine u-used to, but I got her out of that notion pret-y quick. She's sound asleep now, I'll warrant, and no make-believe, either. I might fire off a Gatling gun alongside of her best ear and she'd never know it."

Mr. Sylvester parted from his neighbor and entered his own house, opening and shutting the door with some trouble and a good deal of noise. Then he extinguished the hall light, fell up stairs one step at a time and went into the front room, which was dimly lighted. And there he saw his wife sitting in a rocking chair by the dressing table. Her back was toward him and she did not look up or speak—both bad signs.

"Lizbeth," said Mr. Sylvester with much dignity, sitting down on the side of the bed unsteadily, "what are you doing there?"

No response.

"Lizbeth, haven't I told you never to set 'em up, I mean set—sit up f' me? It isn't proper. I'm old enough to come how w-when I please Lizbeth. I c-command you not to do it again. Why don't you say something, Lizbeth?"

Mrs. Sylvester preserved a discreet silence. Mr. Sylvester resumed:

"Lizbeth, I command you to speak. It isn't treating me with proper respect to sit there s' mum. What have I done to be treated like this? Will you speak, Lizbeth?"

There was only silence more profound.

"Very well, Lizbeth, you'll be sorry f'r this in the morning. I shall now retire to my—bless my soul, Lizbeth who is this?"

Mr. Sylvester stood up very straight and stared at the bed, on the edge of which he had been sitting. There lay his excellent wife sound asleep, her bangs done up in tissue paper and a smile of placid contentment on her lips.

"Who's that other woman?" stammered Mr. Sylvester in a sotto voce tone. Then he took up courage to approach and pluck her by the sleeve. Pshaw. She came to pieces in his hands. It was only Mr. Sylvester's clothes which she had arranged handily in case of fire.

And Sylvester murmured: "Saved again, b'gosh!" as he tucked himself in his little bed, while his wife continued to sleep the sleep of the just.

Stuffed Ham.

A home-cured ham, nothing less elegant will do for a Christmas dinner, and it should be two years old. Lay it to soak over night in a boiler full of cold water. When ready to cook it, cut off the hock neatly just above the joint. Scrape and wash it carefully and trim off all of the outer edges, giving it a pretty shape. Weigh it and allow half an hour for it to start to boil, and a quarter of an hour for every pound. Put it in a boiler, cover well with cold water and boil slowly and steadily until done. Keep a kettle of boiling water on the stove, and as the water around the ham boils away add more, so that it is always well covered. Turn it over when it has been boiling about half of the time allowed for its cooking. When a fork stuck to the bone comes out readily, it is done. Now take it up and carefully peel off the skin. If any more trimming is needed, do it now.

Have ready a stuffing made of one teacupful of bread-crumbs just moistened with fresh milk, six grains of allspice and six cloves pounded fine, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful *each* of finely rubbed-up thyme, savory and marjoram, one teaspoonful of celery seed pounded fine, one large teaspoonful of butter, and one raw egg, mixed together.

With a sharp-pointed knife make incisions all over the ham about two inches apart. Turn the knife about to make the incision hold as much as possible, then fill each place full. Rub the ham all over with the well-beaten yelk of an egg. Sift lightly over that fine cracker-dust and set in the oven to bake slowly for one hour.

Society Gossip.

Society doings and gossip have a sort of general interest for all women, but in a climate like ours going out is attended always with considerable risk. A woman is nearly all the time looking for what she can wear next to her delicate skin that will be light and yet warm enough to guard against the possibility of catching cold. A new undervest, stamped with the word "Health" and known to all doctors in this country as the Health Brand, has just been introduced here. For its advantages and beauty to be thoroughly understood it must be seen.

1891. 1891

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

BIBLE COMPETITION!

NO. 27.

A New Plan—A Daily Prize, and a Large List of Other Rewards at close of Competition as before. Read Particulars.

In the next issue of The Ladies' Journal the editor of that popular monthly will announce a new competition. An especially attractive and new feature is the giving away, every day from now till the close of the competition, on 25th March next, a handsome, fine, English China Tea Service, of forty-four pieces. One will be given each day to the sender of the first correct answers, received by mail at The Ladies' Journal office, to the following questions:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1. Money. 2. Coal. 3. Wood.

Notwithstanding the fact that this daily prize will be given, the list of rewards enumerated below is as large and attractive as in any of the former competitions, which have given so much satisfaction during the past nine years. To the sender of the first correct answer received at office of the Ladies' Journal, in addition to the China Tea Set above described as a daily prize, will be given number one of these rewards, the Piano. The sender of the second correct answer number two, the fifty dollars in cash, and so on till all these first rewards are given away.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

First one Lady's **Saddle-Horse** nearly thoroughbred well broken sound kind good jumper will follow a lady like a lap-dog; but a good traveller not afraid of anything. Valued at..... $ 250
Next Five, Each a Lady's **Fine Gold-filled Hunting Case Watch.** Value $50 each..... $ 250
Next Six, Each a Fine Black **Cashmere Dress** Length. Value $16.90..... $95.40
Next Fifteen, Each a Set of **Dinner Knives** one,—doz—in a neat case. Value $10..... $ 150
Next Twenty-One Each a Lady's Fine **Silver Watch** Excellent movement Value $15 Each..... $ 315
Next Fifteen, Each an Elegant **Breakfast Cruet,** extra quadruple plate, hand painted bottles, very neat, $4... $ 60
Next Four, Each a Fine **China Dinner Service,** (100 pieces,) an extra choice design, $35..... $ 140
Next Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service** (4 pieces,) satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $ 240
Next Five, Each a Gentlemen's **Hunting Case Gold Filled Watch,** extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $ 250
Next Five, each a Fine Black Corded, **Silk Dress,** length, $25..... $ 125
Next Fifteen, each **One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons,** extra quality $5.. $ 75
Next Ten, each a Beautifully Bound **Family Bible,** with concordance, maps, Engravings, dictionary and magnificently illustrated $15..... $ 150

To the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given number one of these middle rewards. Next number two, and so on.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

First One **Drawing Room Suite** Upholstered in Raw silk beautifully finished in every particular..... $ 100
One **Lady's Bicyle,** latest improved Machine..... $ 130
Next Five Each One Lady's Fine **Gold Filled Watch Hunting Case,** beautifully engraved good movement, full jewelled at $50.00..... 250
Next Ten, Each a **Lady's Companion,** beautifully lined in plush containing Bevelled Glass Fine Hair Brush Comb, etc..... .....
Next Five, Each a Fine **China Tea Service,** Extra Choice design, Especially Imported, $10..... $ 50
Next fifteen, Each a Fine **Pair of Razor Steel Scissors.** Value $2..... $ 30
Next Five, Each a Handsomely Bound in Morocco Cover, **Family Bible,** Beautifully Illustrated containing the Revised Edition, Commentary Dictionary, etc., etc..... .....
Next Ten, Each a Lady's or Gentleman's **coin Silver Watch,** with good movement—a correct time piece, $15 $ 150
Next Five, Each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, Satin Finish, **Waiters or Salvers,** $10..... $
Next Twenty-four, each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever **Genuine Watch.** This watch is well constructed and an extra fine piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $6..... $ 144
Next Three, Each a well Finished **Family Sewing Machine,** $70..... $ 210

To the sender of the last correct answer of the whole competition, postmarked where mailed, not later than 25th March, 1891, will be given number one of these rewards. To the one preceding the last, number two, and so on, counting backwards till all these rewards are given. So even the residents of the most distant places have as good an opportunity as those living in Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, 25..... $ 125
Next six, each a handsome hand painted brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp.** $ 36
Next Fifteen, each **one dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons,** $5..... $ 75
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound **Family Bible,** with concordance, maps, engravings, dictionary, and magnificently illustrated, $15..... $ 150
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate **Berry Dish,** with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15..... $ 90
Next six, each a **Gentleman's Filled Gold Open Face Watch.** Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50 ..... $ 300
Next six, each a **Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch,** a reliable timer, $40..=..... .....
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid silver Thimble,** $1.50..... $ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder,** with one dozen extra value Tea Spoons, $12..... $ 72

All persons competing must send with their answers, one dollar, for which The Ladies' Journal will be mailed to any address for one year. The Journal has been enlarged to 28 pages and a handsome cover added, making it one of the most attractive publications on the continent for the money. There is something in each issue to interest every lady, young or old, and you will find, even if you do not get any of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in The Journal. Full lists with name and street and post office address of daily prize winners will be published in each issue of The Ladies' Journal. The names and full addresses of the winners of the first, middle and consolation rewards will also be published in The Journal immediately at the close of the competition. The editor has in his possession thousands of highly complimentary letters of the winners of prizes in previous competitions. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, clergymen, members of parliament, publishers, printers, railway men, in fact nearly every trade and profession is represented in our list of winners. Address, Editor Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada

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The Land of Pluck.

Far over the sea is a famous little village, generally known as Holland; but that name, even if it mean Hollow land, or How land? does not describe it half so well as this—The Funny Land of Pluck.

Verily, a queerer bit of earth was never shone upon by the sun nor washed by the tide. It is the oddest, funniest country that ever raised its head from the waves (and, between ourselves, it does not quite do that), the most topsy-turvy landscape, the most amphibious spot in the universe,—as the Man in the Moon can't deny,—the chosen butt of the elements, and good-naturedly the laughing-stock of mankind. Its people are the queerest and drollest of all the nations; and yet so plucky, so wise and resolute and strong, that "beating the Dutch" has become a by-word for expressing the limits of mortal performance.

As for the country, for centuries it was not exactly anywhere; at least it objected to staying long just the same, in any one place. It may be said to have lain around loose on the waters of a certain portion of Europe, playing peek-a boo with its inhabitants; now coming to the surface here and there to attend to matters, then taking a dive for change of scene,—and a most disastrous dive it often proved.

Rip Van Winkle himself changed less between his great sleeping and waking than Holland has altered many a time, between sunset and dawn. All its permanence and resolutenees seems to have been soaked out of it, or rather to have filtered from the land into the people. Every field hesitates whether to turn into a pond or not, and the ponds are always trying to leave the country by the shortest cut. One would suppose that under this condition of things the only untroubled creatures would be turtles and ducks; but no, strangest and most mysterious of all, every living thing in Holland appears to be thoroughly placid and content. The Dutch mind, so to speak, is at once anti-dry and waterproof. Little children run about in fields where once their grandfathers sailed over the billows; and youths and maidens row their pleasure-boats where their ancestors played "tag" among the haystacks. When the tide sweeps unceremoniously over Mynheer's garden, he lights his pipe, takes his fishing-rod, and sits down on his back porch to try his luck. If his pet pond breaks loose and slips away, he whistles, puts up a dam so that it cannot come back, and decides what crop shall be raised in its vacant place. None but the Dutch could live so tranquilly in Holland; though, for that matter, if it had not been for the Dutch, we may be sure there would have been, by this time, no Holland at all.

And yet this very Holland, besides holding its own place, has managed to gain a foothold in almost every quarter of the globe. An account of its colonies is a history in itself. In the East Indies alone it commands twenty-four millions of persons.

The by-law granting an option to an English syndicate to purchase the water power at Sault Ste. Marie was carried almost unanimously.

A remarkable performance in trap shooting occurred recently on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club at Bergen Point. One of the best trap shooters of New York squatted on the ground at 30 yards rise with his back towards the traps, his adversary giving the signal to pull the trap for him. His opponent shot in the usual fashion at 28 yards rise. The result of the match was 41 killed for the squatter and 40 for the man standing.

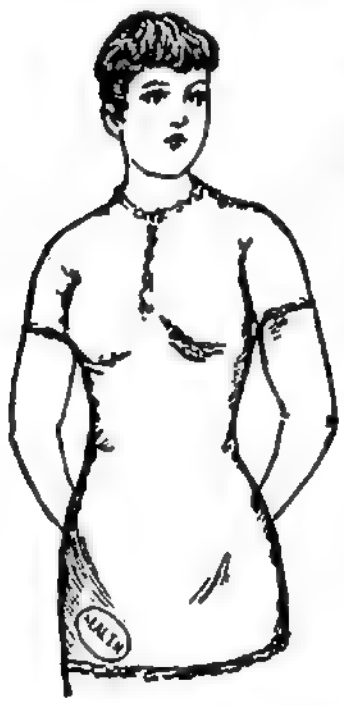
Drudgery and System.

There are a great many women who are industrious and who rise virtuously with the cock, and yet who manage to accomplish very little in the world or in their households; while others rise later and generally seem to take things easy, yet in the end are found many furlongs ahead of their hard-working sisters. The persons who accomplish the most in this world are not the drudges, but those who have such command over their powers that they can concentrate themselves upon their work. Such persons accomplish by perfect system in a few moments what an unsystematic person would labor over for hours. It is the first duty of every woman to learn to do her work in the best and most rapid manner with the least strain on her own strength. In order to do this women must be liberal enough to adopt new methods, when those methods are manifestly superior to their own. This does not mean adopting makeshifts, for nothing is so laborious in the end as such work. The worker who is a wise economist, not only of her money, but also of her strength, who does not fritter away her abilities in useless ways, is usually successful. For some reason while the spendthrift of money receives very little compassion, the individual who wastes time and strength in hard continuous labor that profits him very little receives sympathy when he should be condemned. The man who spends his money foolishly at least gains some passing pleasure, the other by misdirected though well-meaning effort, has managed to work very hard and gain nothing practically. The problem which presents itself to all who must earn their living is to find something they can do which is in demand; that will fill a certain need. No person can do this for another; each person must exert himself or herself to find out what he or she can do best. Individual effort accomplishes wonders. One woman may succeed as market gardener where another would fail, but might find preserving, canning of fruits or baking to her taste and profit. There is scarcely a farmhouse in the length and breadth of the land where there could not be raised produce that could be sold with profit at the nearest market, if only the farmer would be wise enough to find out what he needed and deliver his goods as systematically as the butcher and grocer does in cities. There is abundance of people who are willing to drudge with unremitting patience. But there is no demand for drudgery, while there is demand for rapid intelligent workers everywhere, especially for those who can adapt their work to the continual changing condition of things.

Doctor—"I have the pleasure of informing you, Mr. Captious, that you are the father of triplets." Mr. C.—"Excuse me, doctor, but as there have been so many discrepancies in the census lately won't you oblige me with a recount."

Debtor (to angry creditor)—"But, sir, I have no money and cannot settle your bill! You cannot get blood out of a turnip, can you? Creditor—"No, sir, but I will get blood out of a beat if that bill isn't settled pretty soon."

Young Mooncalf—"Do you know, Miss Wosy, that—aw—that I've been weflecting a gweat deal weconly, and I've hawlf a mind—I've—aw—hawlf a mind—" Miss Rosy—"Never mind repeating it, Mr. Mooncalf; it's far above the popular estimate, but I'll concede you that much."



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The lawlessness on the Russo-Persian frontier is shown by an incident described in a letter from Elizavetopol. On the river Araxes is a village peopled by Persians who are notoriously given to smuggling; and on the Russian frontier detachments of Cossacks are posted to uphold the Customs regulations. On a certain evening lately the commander of one of such detachments received information that an attempt would be made by a large convoy to cross the Russian frontier with tea and other dutiable commodities. About midnight the captain of the sotnia of Cossacks started with thirty men to intercept the convoy, and in about a couple of hours he descried them crossing the steppe. Hoping that they might surrender peaceably he fired a volley over their heads. But they showed fight. Volleys were exchanged, and followed a hand-to-hand fight, in the midst of which the leader of the Cossacks was killed. The smugglers finally got the worst of it and fled, leaving several dead and wounded, and nearly all their baggage. This is but one out of many such expeditions, and shows the sort of work that falls to the lot of the Cossack guardians of the frontier.

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A candidate for mention in bracelets is a narrow silver band with an open-work center set with pearls.

She Won by a Day.

A street car incident which has come to us seems to illustrate the unconsciousness of apparent age. An old lady on entering a crowded tram caught the strap, and by chance took her stand directly in front of a lady passenger apparently as old as herself.

The possessor of the seat was up in a moment.

"Have my seat, madam," she exclaimed with audible courtesy. "You are older than I am."

"Older than you!" retorted the other; "I beg a thousand pardons for contradicting my elder, but, indeed, madam, you are mistaken. Keep your seat."

"But I am sure you are older than I."

"And I am equally sure that I am not. Will you be good enough to resume your place?"

"Not while an older woman stands."

The situation was growing interesting; but, though all smiled, no one seemed moved to relieve matters by offering a second seat.

Both old persons were pretty well-warmed up by this time. First one sniffed and then the other, as old ladies sometimes will when sorely tried.

The vacant seat was still before them. Finally an overture of peace came from the owner of the seat, the last speaker.

"I don't want to be disagreeable, madam, and if I'm older than you I'll sit down. Let' tell our ages and the older yields."

The aggrieved woman did not relish this much, but the pressure of an audience forbade a retreat.

"Well, madam," she replied, forcing the semblance of a smile, "I shall be most happy. Will you announce your age? Then I shall take pleasure in telling mine."

"I was born in March, 1817. And you?"

"What, March, 1817? Good heavens! So was I. And what day did you arrive, pray?"

"The seventh. And you?" There were bright red spots on the cheeks of both old ladies now.

"I have nothing more to say," was the reply; "my birthday is the sixth. I am much obliged for the seat." And with admirable dignity she sat down amid considerable laughter.

His Last Call.

"Ten o'clock, and all's well," called the man on the bridge of the Samaria, three days from Liverpool, bound for Boston.

"Tell that man," said Capt. Hewitson to his first officer, "to call his 'all's well' in more vociferous tones the remaining hours of his watch. I like to drop off to sleep with those assuring words ringing in my ears."

An hour sped by, while the noble ship moved steadily onward through the night over a placid sea.

Eleven o'clock, and—all's—well!" came to the captain's ears."

"Drat that fellow!" said the dozing captain, "he began the 'eleven o'clock, all right, but ended the 'all's well' with a sound more like a gurgle. I'll see to that fellow in the morning."

Ten more minutes drifted on.

Thump, thump came a heavy knock on the cabin door. "What's the matter now?—why, man have you lost your tongue?"

"Captain, captain! There's blood on my hands!" said the fright-stricken sailor.

"Speak, ye lubber!—don't stand there like a fool. What is it?"

"Oh, sir, something awful has happened. I went on the bridge to take my watch after the call, and while crossing to the end of the bridge stumbled over something. There was no light but the stars, so I stooped and felt for the object. My hand touched a cold white face, and—well, it was Bill Jennings."

Modern Society Item.

There was a little social gathering at the residence of Judge Peterby, and Colonel Yerger, who was present, observed the ladies who were all together in the parlor were not very talkative, so he said to Judge Peterby:

"How little those ladies have to say to each other?"

"Just wait until one of them goes away and then listen to what the rest have to say about her. You don't understand the fair sex, Colonel Yerger."

Couldn't Head the Old Man.

Lovely Daughter—"Well, papa, after all, is it not better to live in a cottage with the one we love than to dwell in a palace with one we do not love?"

Father—"Certainly, my daughter."

Lovely Daughter (beaming with smiles)—"Then why do you offer such serious objections to me marrying Mr. Short Banks?"

Father—"Because he hasn't even got the cottage my child."

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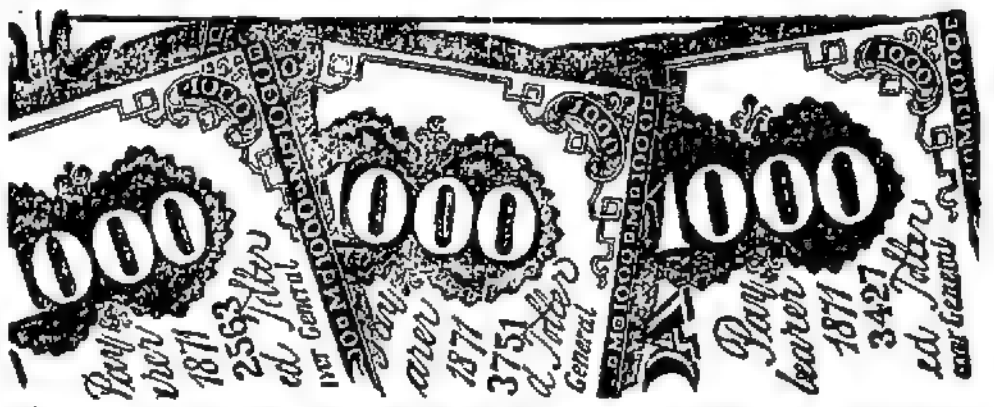

"TRUTH" CENSUS COMPETITION

NO. 1.

Large Cash Prizes for the nearest calculations to the Population of Canada and the different Provinces and Cities in the list below.

Send now, as the First Correct Estimate in, takes the First Prize in each case.

The publisher of Toronto TRUTH in order to extend the already great circulation of that popular weekly magazine, will give the following series of cash prizes to the persons who first send him the nearest calculation, guess or estimate of what the population of the different Cities, Provinces or the Dominion of Canada, named in the list following, will be in 1891. The official government figures when they are given to Parliament will decide who the winners are. As a guide we give the populations in 1871 and 1881. You can see what the increase has been in the past, guess or estimate what it will be in 1891 and send in your figures *now*.

POPULATION 1871	POPULATION 1881	PROVINCES AND CITIES	CASH PRIZES. 1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
3,602,596	4,324,845	Dominion of Canada	$1000	$250	$100	$50	$20	$10	$5
1,620,851	1,925,228	Ontario	500	150	50	25	10	5	3
1,191,516	1,359,027	Quebec	400	100	50	25	10	5	3
387,800	440,572	Nova Scotia	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
285,594	321,332	New Brunswick	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
94,021	108,891	Prince Ed. Island	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,228	65,954	Manitoba	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
10,586	49,495	British Columbia	150	75	25	10	5	3	2
	56,446	N. W. Territories	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
107,225	140,747	Montreal	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
56,092	86,415	Toronto	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
59,699	62,446	Quebec	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
29,582	36,100	Halifax	100	25	10		5	2	2
26,716	26,961	Hamilton	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
21,545	27,412	Ottawa	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
28,805	26,127	St John	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
15,320	19,746	London	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,407	11,091	Kingston	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
8,807	11,485	Charlottetown	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,878	9,890	Guelph	75	25	7	5	4	3	2
7,861	9,631	St Catharines	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
8,107	9,616	Brantford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
7,305	9,518	Belleville	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
7,570	8,650	Three Rivers	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
2,197	8,367	St Thomas	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
4,313	8,239	Stratford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
241	7,985	Winnipeg	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
5,573	7,873	Chatham	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,102	7,699	Brockville	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,691	7,597	Levis	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,432	7,225	Sherbrooke	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,999	Hull	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,611	6,812	Peterborough	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,253	6,561	Windsor	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,280	Yarmouth	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,115	St Henri	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,006	6,218	Fredericton	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,270	5,925	Victoria	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	4,009	Vancouver	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,630	5,701	Sorel	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,114	5,545	Port Hope	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,082	5,372	Woodstock	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,746	5,321	St Hyacinthe	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,827	5,187	Galt	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,049	5,080	Lindsay	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,032	Moncton	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,431	Sydney	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,762	Chatham, N B.	50	20	7	5	4	3	2

TERMS ON WHICH YOU CAN COMPETE.

1. Any person sending one dollar will receive TRUTH for three months and will be allowed six guesses or estimates on any six of the above cities or provinces or on the Dominion.

2. Any person sending $5 will receive TRUTH for fifteen months (or if preferred, the paper will be sent to five addresses for three months each) and will be allowed one estimate on each city and province in the list, as well as on the Dominion; or thirty-five different estimates on any one city, or province, or on the Dominion.

3. Any person sending twenty cents will receive two numbers of TRUTH, as a trial, and will be allowed one guess or estimate on the population of any one of the cities, provinces or Dominion in the above list.

Should any guess or estimate of any city or province or of the Dominion be the exact number of the population, or the nearest to that number, the first cash prize opposite the name of the city or province or the Dominion will be given to the guesser. The person who comes next nearest will receive the second prize, the third nearest the next, and so on till all the prizes are distributed. If there is more than one correct guess or estimate of the population of each city, province or the Dominion, the prizes will be awarded in the order the letters arrive at TRUTH office. That is, first come first served. So don't delay sending in your estimate.

These prize offers will be withdrawn and the competition closed in ample time to prevent any government official from sending in who might be in a position to know the exact figures before they are given to Parliament.

No one knows now what the population will be, therefore, you have as good an opportunity as any to strike the nearest figures. Even the government census enumerator himself knows no more than you do.

The Publisher of TRUTH doesn't decide who the winners are, the official figures of the government of Canada will settle the matter, and the prizes will be paid over at once on the official announcement being made in Parliament. Full results will be published in TRUTH the moment the actual official figures are known. The Publisher of TRUTH has acquired all copyrights of these Census Competitions and will prosecute all infringements.

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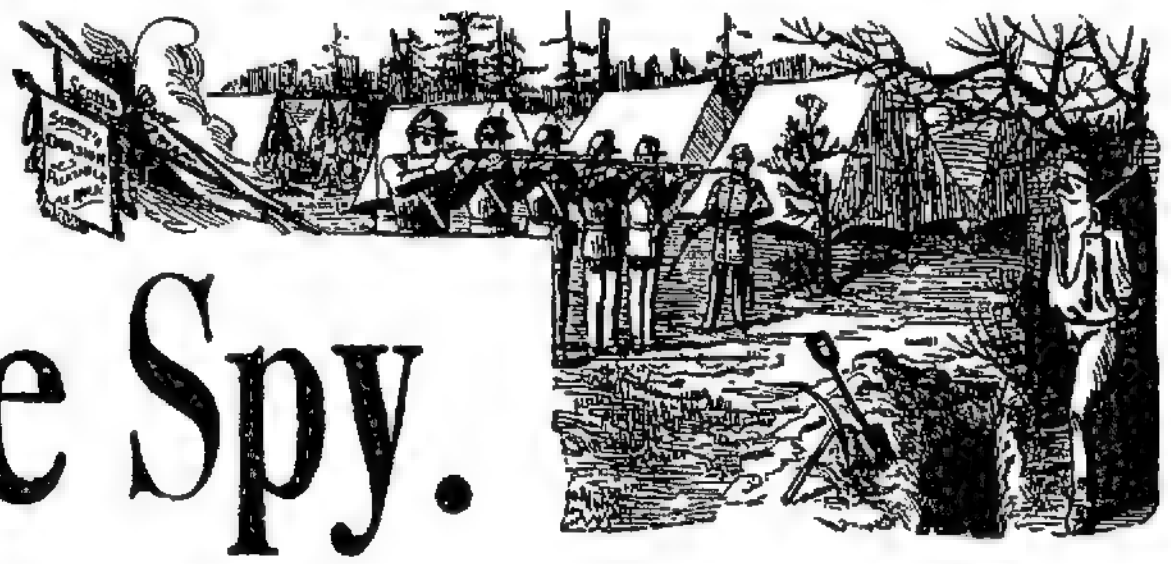

A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. **Palatable as Milk.**

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Sensitiveness.

One of the prettiest, if not the prettiest, of the number is the least attractive, because she is selfish. Her own comfort, her own pleasure, appeals to her first, always. She will make an engagement and break it without the slightest hesitancy. Her beauty gives her not the least advantage after the first week of acquaintance.

Another girl, whose best friend could not call her pretty, is wonderfully attractive. The other girls turn to her suggestions, and they are usually followed; if she makes an appointment she keeps it; if she takes the responsibility for any part of the work the girls are attempting to do, she does it thoroughly.

Another girl comes into the circle, sits down, folds her hands, and does not even take the trouble to look interested. Not long ago there was a picture in *Harper's Bazar*, representing a young society girl and a girl friend. The following conversation was supposed to be taking place:

"What do you find to talk about, meeting the same people so constantly? How do you manage?"

"I just sit and smile and try to look intelligent."

The girl who tries to look intelligent must have a desire to please strong enough to make her put forth some effort, when she meets people, to interest them. It is a question whether a thoroughly selfish girl is ever an attractive one.

There is another mistake we make that robs us of both power and pleasure: We think ourselves sensitive when we are simply self-conscious. We go through the world expecting people to notice us to the exclusion of others, to take extra steps to greet us; we decide from some trifling act that they do not think of us as we do of them; make ourselves miserable by a thousand fancies that we should never entertain for a moment, and actually think ourselves superior to others because we entertain such thoughts, "because we are so sensitive." It is not sensitiveness, it is out-and-out self-consciousness, which is next door to selfishness, and, when nursed and cherished, is much more pernicious in its effects on the character.

Doctor (to patient)—"May I venture, madam, to ask you age?" "Don't you know, sir, that a woman is only as old as she looks to be?" "Impossible—you must be younger."

A Barefooted Rothschild.

The sight of a Rothschild limping about barefoot is enough to astonish gods and men, but it might have been witnessed a week or, two ago at the village of Waeresholen, near Munich, where Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, of Vienna, was undergoing the nerve-cure of the now famous Father Kneip. This Roman Catholic priest has a way of his own with neurotic patients. He makes them go barefoot so as to prevent flows of blood to the head, and every morning they have to take a plunge into icy cold water during the time it takes to count six slowly. After the plunge comes a rubbing down with towels till the body glows, and then the cure is carried on by means of a vigorous dietary from which meat, condiments, and all intoxicating drinks are excluded. In fact, the patients have to live mostly on milk and vegetables. As Waeresholen is a mere hamlet, visitors have to be content with cottage fare and bedding, but Baron Nathaniel brought with him a couple of saloon cars, which he kept at the railway station a few miles off, and of these he made his home. He was three weeks doing his "cure," and living in the shoeless, sockless state, after which he returned to Vienna a happier man, and despising shoe leather.

Birds and the Death Light.

The keeper of the lighthouse on Fire Island, which is generally the first land seen by vessels from Europe bound for New York, has made an interesting statement with reference to the number of birds which commit in voluntary suicide against his lantern and his lenses. The thick lenses are chipped in places by the ducks and geese striking them with their heavy bills, after flying through the glass (one-eighth of an inch thick) which covers the outside of the lantern. Frequently, he says, he has found one or more ducks or geese flying about in the lantern chamber, wounded, with the cut glass, and sprinkling lenses and floor with their blood. As many as 60 dead ducks have been picked up on the ground about the base of the lighthouse on a single morning; and sometimes more than a hundred birds of various kinds have been found; while the large metal ball which crowns the lighthouse has been bent and nearly twisted from its position by flocks of wild geese coming against it.

PROF. KOCH.

His Cure for Consumption by Inoculation.

BACTERIOLOGY.

The Berlin despatches of to-day contain accounts of the continued arrival of medical celebrities from England, France and other parts of Europe and America, and it is confidently expected that the government grants will be sufficient to establish a state university to pursue the studies that have engaged Prof. Koch and his associates. It is admitted by all physicians that there can be no broader field of research for medical science than Bacteriology, comprising as it does those tuberculous diseases to which the learned Dr. Koch is giving his attention. When one remembers that over half a million victims annually fall before this terrible scourge, and that every eleventh family, on an average, furnishes a subject to recruit the ranks of the great host suffering from tubercular consumption, it is not to be wondered that so profound an interest is felt in the investigations of the learned German physician. The furthest Dr. Koch is yet able to extend his work, proves his discovery of much value for tubercular lupus and tuberculous affections of the joints, where the surgeon can remove the tuberculous tissue, which has been killed as result of inoculation with the lymph, and in which the bacilli have been active; where this dead tuberculous tissue remains, as in phthisis or consumption, it is as yet impossible to say how valuable this discovery will prove; and as the tissue cannot be removed by the surgeon's knife, it is not improbable that from this the bacilli may migrate to the live tissue in immediate contract.

As it now presents itself, the work of Dr. Koch in discovering this bacillus and the lymph for diagnosing tuberculous diseases, has made him a name and reputation to which a tribute of honor will be paid second only to the immortal Dr. Jenner.

While the physician can understand the action and result to be relied upon in using vaccine virus as well as the method of its manufacturing, this has yet to be learned with the lymph being used by Dr. Koch, and it will require many years of experiment to demonstrate how valuable this discovery may prove. It is therefore probable that those who look for an immediate and unfailing cure for tubercular consumption will meet with disappointment, unless they find it in the use of Scott's Emulsion; the curative agent that has already done so much toward relieving the terrible fatality of phthisis.

Physicians have not been slow to acknowledge the wonderful remedial value of Scott's Emulsion of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, as it has proved a reliable cure in all forms of wasting diseases and consumption, when treated in the early stages; is also for severe colds or coughs. It not only heals where disease has made its inroads, but it fortifies and builds up the vital tissues, giving strength and vigor to the weak and emaciated with marvellous rapidity. In Scott's Emulsion the ingredients have been made known to every physician and chemist, and hence many unscrupulous persons, without experience or knowledge, have imitated the medicine.

The skilful manner of compounding and the purity and excellence of the ingredients have always characterized Scott's Emulsion and made its value acknowledged throughout the entire civilized world, wherever the physician has to combat these diseases.

No Sight, No Pique.

With face averted, there she sat,
Her tiny slipper pit-a-pat
Upon the tapestry,
And though he frequent tried to break
Her silence, not a word she spake
Responsive to his plea.

"You're piqued," he sadly said to her,
But ere the echoes silent were
She turned her glowing cheek
And roguish eyes unto her beau,
And said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe,
For love is blind, and can't, you know,
Take o'en a little pique."

The Salvation Army.

It is stated that the Salvation Army has a grand total of 2874 corps or societies, 896 outposts, and 9416 persons or officers wholly engaged in the work, with 23,069 non-commissioned officers and bandsmen. It holds vested property of the value of £644,618, and the value of its trade effects, stock, machinery, &c., is £130,000 more. The total circulation of its literature of all descriptions is 37,400,000 copies. This literature is issued in 15 languages. The army preaches in 29 languages, and it occupies 34 counties or colonies. The sum aised annually from all sources is £750,000.

EVERY WOMAN READ THIS!

Dr. A. Wilford HALL'S GREAT HYGIENIC DISCOVERY

No Medicine. No Doctors' Bills. Sickness Cured, Health Preserved and Life Prolonged.

A PAMPHLET ON HEALTH AND LONGEVITY. (Authorized Edition.)

By DR. A. WILFORD HALL, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of the "Problem of Human Life," "Universalism Against Itself," and Editor of THE MICROCOSM.

EVERY WOMAN — WIFE, MOTHER, DAUGHTER, — READ THE FOLLOWING:

MRS. REV. C. CLARKE, Thiells, N.Y., writes, Oct. 9, 1889: "Dear Dr. Hall,—Some three months ago I purchased your Health Pamphlet, with many misgivings as to its value. But having been a great sufferer for 12 months with spinal weakness, rheumatism, nervous prostration and coincidently with a strong tendency to Bright's disease, accompanied by insomnia, so that I had to walk the floor for hours at night before being able to get any rest, being at the same time under the treatment of a good physician, but without avail, it at last induced me to make a thorough application of your treatment. At once my sleep returned as of old and as sound and sweet as ever, and my nervous and other troubles have left me. I attribute my bodily condition to my critical period of life, and I am anxious that other like sufferers should know about my case and secure your pamphlet. I can not be over thankful to you for this discovery and would not part with the knowledge thus purchased for $4 for many hundred times that amount.

Gratefully yours,

"MRS. REV. C. CLARKE."

MRS. REV. E. M. WOODRUFF, of Elizabeth City, N.J., writes, August 11th: "Dear Dr. A. Wilford Hall,—I have been using your treatment for about five months with constant improvement to my health both of body and mind. I am very grateful to our Heavenly Father that there was one man who was given to know the true nature and cause of the diseased conditions that suffering humanity is heir to and who was enabled so clearly to point out the true remedy that the most unlearned can understand it simply by reading this little book. I am constantly recommending this treatment to my friends here and elsewhere. I learn that there are already 200 families in this city using it, and I believe that before another year there will be 2,000, which will be the case if my efforts will avail.

Your sincere friend,

"MRS. E. M. WOODRUFF, 856 Elizabeth-ave."

JENNIE CLAYPOOL, Pineville, Oregon writes, Oct. 24, 1889:

"Dear Dr. Hall,— * * * Prior to using your treatment I had been for ten years a sufferer from gastritis inflammation o the stomach but after three months application of your remedy I am well and can eat whatever I please without the fear of consequences. I have broken up an attack of typhoid fever in its second stage with only two applications of your remedy. I was parched with fever, and my arterial system seemed one enormous pulse, when I applied to myself a single treatment, when, in fifteen minutes, threw me into a perspiration so profuse as to saturate my night-dress as if it had been dipped into water. I consider sickness wholly unnecessary for any one who uses your treatment regularly and intelligently. You are at liberty to print this statement for the benefit of others, should you feel so disposed.

Very truly and gratefully yours,

JENNIE CLAYPOOL."

DR. S. G. MERIWETHER, M.D., of Meriwether, S. C., writes:

"Dr. Hall,—I have used your treatment on my son to good effect, though not so good as would have resulted but for his prejudice . . . . As a physician I am fully satisfied with your treatment, and I honestly believe that it is destined in the near future to bring about a tremendous revolution in the practice of medicine, and you will receive thanks and blessings of suffering humanity for your discovery. It is impossible now to foresee or predict the range of diseases to be cured by this treatment in the future. It is so simple and so much out of the way of drug medication, that those incapable of reflection will scout it as short lived. But, mark me, the time will soon come when the fortunes that are made by the manufacture of drugs will be swept away by this little book and the traffic become a thing of the past. Your Pamphlet, doctor, is worth much more than you charge for it.

"Yours very truly,

S. G. MERIWETHER."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, whose Sanitarium, as the centre of his enormous medical practice is at Hammonton, N. J., and who admittedly is one of the most learned physicians and surgeons now living, has sent for our Pamphlet and has received it as a physiological revelation. He writes:—

"Your Health-Pamphlet dropped in upon me like a healing ray of sunshine. I read it with avidity, and at once put your treatment into practice, and it is scarcely necessary to say I found it all you recommend it to be and more. It is not only pathological, physiological and hygienic, but *rational*. Already have I derived great personal benefit from your discovery.

"Truly yours,

"J. M. PEEBLES."

Among the important recent indorsements is that of Dr. James F. Danter, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, Toronto, Canada—formerly Magistrate in the province of Quebec. So impressed was Dr. Danter as to the merits of the new treatment that on his way to his new field of labor, in San Francisco, Cal., he purchased several hundred copies of the Health-Pamphlet to take with him. Writing to a friend in New York, Sept. 10th, he says:

"I was among the very first to order Dr. Hall's Health-Pamphlet on seeing its announcement in the Microcosm. I was then in Washington City, and proceeded immediately to put the new treatment into practice personally and with others, more especially to test its physiological and therapeutical effects. I have become so well convinced of its value for the alleviation of many forms of disease, such as dyspepsia, lung troubles, constipation, kidney derangements, and in fact all forms of disease which have their origin in an impure state of the circulation, that I am ready to give it my unqualified indorsement as a potent adjuvant in the treatment of such cases.

"JAS. F. DANTER, M.D."

Scores Of Similar Letters Are On File, Showing How Priceless Is This Treatment To Women In All Critical Periods Of Her Eventful Life.

For further particulars and Circulars, containing Author's statement regarding it, address

C. C. POMEROY, Dominion Agent, 49½ King Street West, Toronto.

The Little Stranger.

There is a popular household story that is repeated year after year to German children at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, to kindle the spirit of charity, which illustrates to the child mind the words of our Lord: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." In Germany every child passes through fairyland, and receives the great truths of moral and spiritual life in parables. The story is substantially as follows:

In a little cottage on the borders of a large forest there once lived a poor woodchopper, with his wife and two children. He was a good and pious man, but was scarcely able to earn enough to provide food for his family. For all that he began his daily duties with prayer, and ended them with praise, and the family were very happy.

His children's names were Valentine and Marie.

One snowy evening when the woodchopper came home, he brought with him some green boughs, and after the evening meal began to hang them over the mantel-piece.

"Christmas is here," said he, "and I have no presents for you; but we will offer to the Lord the beautiful alters of grateful hearts. God will bless us."

He then said grace at the simple table, as they gathered around it to partake of the evening meal. There came a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the woodchopper.

"A homeless child."

"Come in."

A child entered, very beautiful, but in ragged clothing, and stood before the fire.

"Who are you?" asked the woodchopper, kindly. "Whence do you come?"

"I am a stranger, and have no home," answered the child.

"Come to the table, little stranger," said Marie. "There is not bread enough for us both; you shall have my supper."

"And I will let you sleep in my bed, said Valentine. "There is not room enough for two. I will sleep on the floor."

The family sung their evening hymn,—

"The woods are all silent,
and the little stranger quickly fell asleep in Valentine's bed.

At midnight the family was awakened by the sound of music without the door. The storm had abated, and the stars shone clear in the cold sky. Very sweet music it was.

"Hark?" said Marie. "It is the song of children. What do they sing?"

"Listen!" said Valentine. The family was still, and the voices sang:

"O happy home, to heaven highest,
Wherein Thou, Little Stranger, liest.'

Like the softly attuned musical glasses seemed the music out of which rose the carol. The family heard it with delight.

The song was repeated:

"O happy home, to heaven highest,
Wherein Thou, Little Stranger, liest.'

The music drifted away as in a cloud of light, higher and higher, and was lost in the air. In the morning the Little Stranger woke, and said that He must go.

"You will be blessed," He said, simply, "because you took me in. Take this sprig of evergreen," He added, breaking a twig from the tree that the cotter had brought home, "and plant it, and you shall one day know Who I am."

It was a sprig of the fir.

The cotter did as he was bidden, and the sprig grew, and the fir-tree bore silver nuts and golden apples, and Marie and Valentine never again knew the want of food or a bed, or of an abundant Christmas table.

It was the first Christmas-tree.

Who was the Little Stranger?

Better Look At It.

Amongst the advertisements in our columns there is one well worth the attention of every lady. It consists of a picture of a pretty young girl, and a description of the newly introduced "Health" undervests, highly recommended by the medical faculty, and for sale by W. A. Murray & Co.

Voice Culture. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by all the leading singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Girls, a Mistake You Make

Just a little one, but when it is one that may, after all, result very unhappily. Do not get in the habit of being familiar in manner or speech with young men. True, you may say nothing that is harmful; you may only say what you think, and that may be perfectly innocent. And always to say just what one thinks is wisdom, but to jest with Tom or Harry, innocent though the subject may be is not wise. Shall there, then, be no gayety in life? Says a dear girl. Plenty of it. But make it pure, sweet fun, entirely clear and free from the bitter waters of Marah.

Don't you think that the one man—the one to whom you give your heart—will care more for one when he knows that an idle jest, a careless word, a familiar manner have not been given by you to every man friend you may have? It doesn't seem much; but, my dear girl, because you *are* my dear girl, just remember that while many a girl amuses the general young man, it is the special man who is worth consideration.

You do not think it quite nice to look to marriage as your future? Why not? Do you not find the companionship of a man you love more interesting than that of even your dearest woman friend? Then you think I do not approve of woman's friendship? Indeed I do—when they are true ones. But the best friend for a woman is the man who interests her—the man she loves, and who is her sweetheart—soon to be her husband. And she makes a mistake in not trying to please him.

It is the postmaster who writes a voluminous letter that weighs his words.

"Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?"
If a man would answer frankly he would
Say he didn't know;
But ask him 'bout the chickens of
The century that's past,
He'll swear they're served to boarders,
To break their daily fast.

WOMEN WHO KNOW

A GOOD THING

When they see it all say that the "TARBOX" SELF-WRINGING MOP is indispensable to every well regulated household.

LIGHT, HANDY, DURABLE.

Wrung at arm's length without wetting the hands, thus avoiding CHAPPED Scalded, or Sore Hands. No stooping or straining of the back. Sold everywhere at only 50c. Ask your dealer for it and TAKE NO OTHER. The name of "TARBOX" cast on every mop.

Tarbox Bros.,

73 Adelaide Street West, Sole Manufacturers,

Toronto, - - Ont.

"CURLINE"

Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., $1, extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

A. Dorenwend,

Paris Hair Works,

103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Carry the news to Mary,
And, pray, be not too long,
For she is fast declining,
And, surely, 'twould be wrong -

not to tell her of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. We do want Mary to know, in some way or other, that this world famed remedy will cure her beyond any doubt! It's just the medicine for young womanhood, and thousands has it bridged over that perilous sea.

From every State, from every city, from nearly every neighborhood in this broad land, comes the grateful acknowledgement of what it has done and is doing for our daughters. The only medicine for the distressing and painful irregularities and weaknesses of woman, sold with a *positive guarantee* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. In other words, sold *on trial!*

Triplicate mirrors framed in carved ivory.

A Remarkable Case.—Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Waterproof cloaks of camel's hair effects.

Quick Transit from a state of feebleness, bodily langour, and nervous irritability—induced by dyspepsia—to a condition of vigor and physical comfort, follows the use of the standard regulating tonic and stomachic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which speedily conquers Indigestion, Constipation, Bilious Complaints, and Female Complaints, purifies the Blood, and reinforces the vital energy.

Infants' long dresses of fine white wool taffeta.

"Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition," says the *American Analyst*. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Boas of crushed roses to wear with evening gowns.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville says:—"I have much pleasure in recommending *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

Crepe de chine in crinkle and satin stripes and plaids.

Fifteen Months Free.

"Fifteen months ago I had a bealing breast. I tried many remedies but got no relief, I then tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which gave me instant ease. It is the best thing I ever used for all kinds of pains or colds."

MRS. JOHN CORBETT, St. Marys, Ont.

Silver decorated purses and card cases of elephant's skin.

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how differently would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature. It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

Hats of eiderdown cloth trimmed with ribbon rosettes.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescenses, as many have testified who have tried it.

Sleeveless jackets of silk stockinette to wear under cloaks.

Good Deeds Done.

The good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

Why! What can it be, but suffering and sorrow, disease and death, if you neglect the symptoms of a disordered liver? Take Dr. Pierce's Gold Medical Discovery. It outsells all other remedies. Sold under condition that it must either benefit or cure the patient, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures all diseases arising from deranged liver, or from impure blood, as Biliousness "liver complaint," all skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever-sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

Pearl pendants in the shape of a heart to put on neck velvet.

The highest medical authorities endorse Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for indigestion and dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Cords silk passementerie studded by hand with turquoise or other beads.

Bad, Worse, Worst.

Cold, cough, consumption, to cure the first and second and prevent the third use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the never-failing family medicine for all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. A marvel of healing in pulmonary complaints.

Flower collars of small crushed blossoms on black velvet for evening wear.

First and foremost among external curatives of pain is *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. Nor is it less esteemed as a remedy for coughs, pains, swellings, corns, bunions, etc. It is an economic as well as inexpensive article, since the results produced by it necessitate the use only of a small quantity.

The palest of creamy pink suede mousquetaire gloves for full dress white toilets.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Steel points are also seen in embroideries, also in shawl and sleeve trimmings.

Mr. R.C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

Silver wire baby carriages in miniature, holding brush, comb, powder-box and puff.

We cheerfully recommend any preparation that stands as high as SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. It has crept into the confidence of the public solely through its merits. For wasting diseases of throat or lungs all druggists will testify to its efficacy.

The whisky market is unsteady when it takes a drop.

A lifetime of torture is often endured by the rheumatic. Their pangs may, however, be promptly relieved and the disease eradicated with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which is, moreover, a swift and thorough remedy for neuralgia, lame back, sores, bruises, frost bites, corns, excoriated nipples, inflamed breasts, liver complaint, and all affections of the breathing organs.

Silk undervests having a V of ornamental silk crochet in wheel, lace and mesh patterns.

A natural means to relieve and prevent dyspepsia and indigestion, Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Passementeries of ostrich feathers with beads of one or more colors form medallions through the centre.

A host of bodily troubles are engendered by chronic indigestion. These, however, as well as their cause, disappear when the highly accredited, invigorant, and alterative, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, is the agent employed for their removal. A regular habit of body, and a due secretion and flow of bile, invariably result from its persistent use. It cleanses the system from all irregularities, and restores the weak and broken down constitution to health and strength.

"A stitch in the side," makes one feel sew badly.

Income and Outlet.

The three important outlets of disease are the skin, bowels and kidneys. See that they perform their functions properly and use Burdock Blood Bitters to insure this proper action.

"Away! Away! There is danger here!
A terrible phantom is bending near:
With no human look, with no human breath,
He stands beside thee—the haunter—Death!"

If there is one disease more than another that comes like the unbidden guest at a banquet, it is Catarrh. Insidiously it steals upon you, "with no human breath" it gradually, like the octopus, winds its coils about you and crushes you. But there is a medicine, called Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, that can tear you away from the monster, and turn the sythes' point of the reaper. The makers of this wonderful remedy offer, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

"The dead of night"—Cats that are killed in the back yard.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says:—"I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence to try *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. It relieved the pain almost immediately and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds.

In another the collar proper is of black pearls, laid on wire. The collar ends in a feather shawl with pearl ornament in front.

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.

Bright red cloth theatre jackets trimmed with black astrakhan and gold braid in military fashion.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

"Cat-nipped," squeaked the mouse as Tabby got a grip on him.

How to cure indigestion and dyspepsia. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

If a courting-match is not declared off it must end in a tie.

The Red River.

The red river of life is the blood; if it be impure, health is impossible and life a burden: Burdock Blood Bitters, say those who have tried it, is the best blood purifier in the world.

Miss Maud Carleton, Ridgetown, Ont., says: "Am using B.B.B. right along and find it a perfect blood purifier just as advertised.

Reduced to the ranks—bad butter marked down.

The sort of blood from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is bilious or weak. Uninterrupted, thorough digestion may be insured, the secretive activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by the aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced into Canada.

"Why did the soprano leave?" "She said the preaching interrupted her conversations with the tenor."

Singers and public speakers chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

"A long life and a merry one—
A quick death and a happy one—
A pretty girl and a true one—
A cold bottle and another one."

A Successful Combination.—The successful combination of the six oils composing *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is a genuine triumph of chemistry. Whether applied externally for the relief of pain or to ally inflammation, or taken internally to remedy a cough, it is speedily and entirely effective.

"That settles it," as the Chicago girl said, as she put her foot on the pavement.

Powder Mill Explosion.

A powder mill explosion affects the country for miles round, but dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, loss of appetite and debility, affect humanity the world over. The Editor of the Mitchell *Recorder* states that he was cured of biliousness, liver trouble and sick headache, by Burdock Blood Bitters. Is it not worth trying on such evidence?

Grace—"I'm in hard luck." Ethel—What is the matter?" Grace—"Why I have had three engagements broken, and owing to conventionalities people wouldn't think it looked well if I sued more than one of the fellows for breach of promise."

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of th natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Wife (waking up suddenly from sleep)—"Henry, did you call?" Husband (who had been spending previous evening with the boys)—"No; I'll raise it five."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Husband—"My dear, we will have to begin to economize right off." Wife—"Dear me! What has happened?" Husband—"Cigars have gone up."

W. W. McLellan, Lyn P. O., writes:—"I was afflicted with Rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

"I have here," said the long-haired disciple of the muse, "a poem in blank verse." "H'm! I see," remarked the editor, as he read it, "blankety-blank verse."

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

He—"I love you as I love my life." She—"Then you don't love me much, for you are continually risking your life by coming here where papa might find you."

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

No one ever spoke of closing the Pool-room at Siloam.

Egg-Eating Hens Outwitted.

Hens when confined in small yards, or in winter when they cannot forageabout much, often get into bad habits, such as picking the feathers off each other's backs and eating eggs as fast as they are laid. They seldom acquire these habits when they have range enough.

A correspondent of the American Cultivator, Geo. H. Northup, describes an ingenious device to outwit the hens which have acquired this vicious habit. He removes the ordinary nests and replaces them with others made in the following manner: Take some common cheese boxes, remove the covers and cut pieces of strong cloth(burlaps answer well) in round pieces two inches larger in diameter than the cheese boxes; these are tacked on the top of each box, leaving the cloth loose enough to bag down in the centre like a common nest. A hole is previously cut in the middle of the cloth large enough to allow an egg to drop easily through; a china egg is fastened near the hole, and the edge of the hole faced so that it will not tear with the hen's weight; a very little straw is stitched over the cloth in such a manner as to hold its place and allow eggs to roll easily through the hole into the box, where some hay is placed to receive them.

Biddy after laying turns around and pecks at the china egg in vain. A hole is made in the side of the box large enough to admit the hand in removing the eggs. This plan effectually cured the hens.

If the nests are so contrived that they are almost dark the hens seldom acquire this troublesome habit. We have for this purpose found it a convenient plan to have a row of nest boxes under the platform which is built under the perches for catching the droppings, allowing the hens to enter the nest only on the back or dark side under the said platform, and having the front board of the row of boxes hinged at bottom to be turned down when removing eggs or renewing litter, etc

It is much easier and better with hens, as also with other two-legged animals without feathers, to prevent them from getting into bad habits rather than to attempt the far more difficult task of reforming them after they have acquired their bad ways.

To The Beloved One.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth
Her glory robe of flowers—
The sea its pearls—the grand old woods
Their songs and greening showers—
The birds have homes where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreath above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the worldly great
Where love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their mines of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and will not pine,
While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On misery's bosom nursed:
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain-cursed!
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things!
There's love for you and me.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But love's rich rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

GERALD MASSEY.

The Toys.

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, and wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We make our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

A "Lo" estimate—25,000 Indians on the Western reservations.

Our Friendships.

"How much of that which is best in us is due to the inspiration and example of our friends! How much of that which is worst in us is a result of ourliving within ourselves instead of living for others, and in the light that others shed upon our pathway! It is our best side that we like to show to others. Our worst side we want no one to know but ourselves. And when we have a friend who holds before us a lofty ideal, in example or in suggestion, we are drawn away from ourselves and toward that which is better than our native aspirations. The very trials that a true friendship brings to us are a help outward and upward; and the joys that we gain in a friendship are a foretaste of the joys of a better state than this. God gives us no earthly blessing than that which he sends with our friendships."

A Prayer that is Needed.

"'Keep the door of my lips' is a prayer which most people need to offer continually, if they would be free from sin in this regard. Save in the few instances when duty clearly requires one to make criticism upon the character and conduct of others, it is a good rule to talk of those who are absent in the same manner as though they were present. No doubt such a rule would lock up many tongues at times when they have most to say, but this is just what many a man and woman needs who is now creating heart burnings, and even quarrels, by uncalled-for untimely, unjust and slanderous gossip and criticism of others in the neighborhood around. Let all such pray God to keep the door of their lips, and determine, with the help of God, to answer their own prayers."

Giles—"Are those blood stains on the blades?" Morritt—"Of course not. These are old French dueling rapiers."

Sympathetic.—Simpson—"I always pay as I go." Cora Bellows (yawning)—"Ah! Your creditors have my sympathy."

Dimmack—"Don't those good, old college songs electrify you?" Miss Arlington—"Well, I'm free to say that that one, at least, shocks me."

John Doe—"Are you carrying a mortgage on your house?" Richard Roe—"Yes! and, strange to say, I'm carrying it because I can't lift it."

Tramp—"My pard says ye jist guv him ten cents for havin' one leg." B. Nevolent—"Yes, I did." Tramp—"Gimme twenty, won't yer? I've got two."

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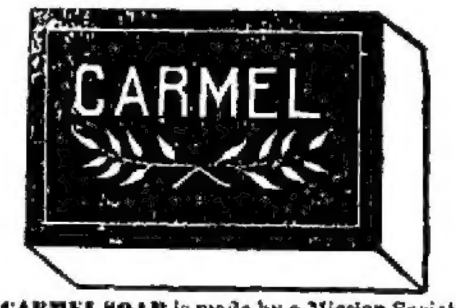

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Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

O Jesus Christ grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
Make this poor self grow less and less;
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name.

Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
Oh, my prayer hearer be!
Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move,
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

—ANONYMOUS.

Tuesday—All love is a worship of the Infinite; what is called a man's love for himself is not love; it is but a phantastic resemblance of love. If all love be not a creation, as I think it is—it is at least the only thing in harmony with creation, and the love of one's self is its absolute opposite. I sickened at the sight of myself. The same instant I saw the one escape I must offer it back to its source—commit it to Him who made it.—*George Macdonald.*

Wednesday—

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end—
Accept the praise I bring.
Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

—*Anonymous.*

Thursday—When, therefore, the question arises: With what pleasure will the public heart be filled? the answer must be that all the churches and all religion must make happy some corner, or else the central part of this pleasure-seeking soul. There can be no beauty in art or nature that can equal the moral beauty of Christ, and there can be no peace in a summer sunset that can equal the peace of God. To fill its portion of the human heart the church must, no doubt, change many of its doctrines and customs and meet an enriched learning and art with a parallel richness of religion. Each age clamors for its own food It sings:

"Give me new times, bright with increasing cheer,
In place of old, tear-blotted burdened days,
I hold a sunlit present far more dear
And worthy of my praise.
'When the old creeds are threadbare and worn through,
Or all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,
Fair, beautiful and whole."

—*Professor David Swing.*

Friday—

'Tis weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build like corals, grave and grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We are beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

—*Anonymous.*

Saturday—If you saw me wholly you would not, I think, feel as you do: for you would recognize the force that regulates my life, and tempers the ardor with an eventual calmness. You would see, too, that the more I take my flight in poetical enthusiasm, the stronger materials I bring back. Certainly I am nowise an angel, but neither am I an utterly weak woman, and far less a cold intellect. God is rarely afar off. Exquisite nature is all around. Life affords vicissitudes enough to try the energies of the human will. I can pray, I can act, I can learn, I can constantly immerse myself in the Divine Beauty. But I also need to love my fellow-men, and to meet the responsive glance of my spiritual kindred.—[Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two cups flour, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, one cup of nut meats cut in small pieces and mixed with the flour before adding the other ingredients, the whites of four eggs and three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk.

PRUNE AND TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak one-half cup of tapioca over night. In the morning cook until transparent in just water enough to prevent burning. Stew two cups of well washed prunes in one quart of water. Add the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil until the syrup becomes thick and rich. Turn the prunes into a pudding dish and cover with cooked tapioca seasoned with grated lemon rind. Bake and serve without sauce or with cream and sugar.

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NO. 21.

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According to the usual custom for years past, the proprietor of TRUTH now offers the Annual Bible Competition. The prizes named below are all of the best material and workmanship. The Silverware is the best full Quadruple Plate direct from those reliable manufacturers, The Toronto Silver Plate Co. The Pianos are from the best makers in Canada and the States. The Gold Watches are all first class, warranted goods, the movements being either Waltham or Elgin. The Swiss Gold Watches are of the best manufacture. The Sewing Machines are the latest improved, and have always given great satisfaction to our friends. The Silks and Cashmeres are imported direct, and of a quality unsurpassed at the value placed upon them. The Ladies' Boots and Slippers, as well as the Gentlemens' Slippers, are made by the firm of J. D. King & Co., which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The Guns and Rifles are from the Chas. Stark Co., who import and handle only reliable goods. The Gold Thimbles are of the best English manufacture in twelve carat gold. The Silver Thimbles are also of the best quality. The Free Trip to Europe will be first class by the Allan Line from Montreal, any time within six months after close of this competition on Jan. 31st, '91. The other prizes named in the list are of the best class, and can be dependedon to be as represented. Nothing will be offered but thoroughly first class goods in every respect. This can positively be relied on.

Here are the questions, both of which must be answered correctly to secure any prize. Where in the Bible are the following words first found 1. COLD. 2. FROST. Send ONE DOLLAR with your answers and TRUTH will be mailed you for four months. You can compete any number of times, sending One Dollar each time and TRUTH will be sent for four months to any address post free. Three dollars is the annual subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these prizes, and every subscriber acknowledges that TRUTH is extra good value for the money.

The distribution has been so arranged that if your answers are correct, no matter at what time, between now and the 31st January next, inclusive, you send in, you will be in a better position than ever before to secure one of these rewards, although the best prizes, as will be seen, go to those whose answers are received first.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished **Square Piano,** by Stock & Co... $600
Second, One First-Class **Safety Bicycle,** Ball Bearings, a superior machine..... $120
Next Six Each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled **Ice Pitcher,** $15. $90
Next Twelve Each, a Pair **Ladies Fine Dongola Kid,** Hand Sewed, Turned Soled **Boots,** any size, $6..... $72
Next Twenty-Four, Each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon,** in Fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... $72
Next Twenty-Five, Each a Well Bound Vol. 1889 **Chambers' Journal,** $1.50...$37.50

SECOND REWARDS.

First Two, a Morocco Bound, 119 Plates, Gilt, Volume of 182 pages, of **Birds of North America,** the finest work of the kind yet published, sold at $75 ... $150
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First Six, an Extra Quadruple plate **Silver Tea Service,** (4 pieces), satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $240
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First Five, each a Gentlemen's **Hunting Case Gold Watch,** extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $250
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SIXTH REWARDS.

First Five each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $125
Next Fifteen, each **one dozen** full **Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons,** $5..... $75
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound **Family Bible,** with concordance, maps, engravings, dictionary, and magnificently illustrated, $15..... $150
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate **Berry Dish,** with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15..... $90
Next Twelve, each a pair **Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Slippers,** with handsome rosette trimming, $3..... $36

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First Twelve, each a set of half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated **Table Spoons,** $5..... $60
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Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives,** in neat case, $8 ..... $96
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple **Plate Tea Spoons,** $5.. $60

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First six, each a **Ladies'** Open Face, **Solid,** Plain **Gold Swiss Watch,** stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $180
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First six, each an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service,** 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $240
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Next twelve, each a Ladies' Fine White Evening Shawl, very pretty and serviceable, $3 ..... $36
Next four, each a Fine **China Dinner Service,** (100 pcs), an extra choice design, $35..... $140
Next thirteen, each a pair of Excellent **Steel Scissors,** $2 ..... $26
Next twenty-five, each a Ladies' Handsome **Sterling Silver Lace Pin,** $2..... $50

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First five, each a Fine Black Cordol, **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $125
Next fifteen, each **One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons,** extra quality
Next ten, each a Beautifully Bound **Family Bible,** with concordance, maps, Engravings, dictionary and magnificently illustrated $15 ..... $150
Next six, each a Full Quadruple Plate **Berry Dish,** with beautifully colored and white cut glass bowl, a very showy, choice article $15 ..... $90
Next twelve, each a pair **Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Slippers,** with handsome rosette trimming, $3..... $36

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First six, each a **Ladies'** open face, **Solid** plain **Gold Swiss Watch,** stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $180
Next six, each a **Gentlemen's Gold Open Face Watch,** Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50 ..... $300
Next six, each a **Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch,** a reliable timer, $10
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble,** $1.50 ..... $ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated, combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder,** with one dozen Tea Spoons, $12..... $ 72

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First five, each a **Gentlemen's Hunting Case Gold Watch,** extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, non-magnetic, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $25
Next twenty-five, each a well bound volume **Chambers' Journal,** 1889, a most excellent book, $1.50 ..... $37.50
Next thirty, each a handsome Quadruple Plate, and Fine Glass **Butter Dish,** $3, $90
Next twenty one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble,** (any size,) $5..... $105

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First Twelve, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Table Spoons,** $5..... $60
Next Twelve, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons,** $4.50 ..... $54
Next Twelve, a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate, **Dinner Knives** in neat case, $10 ..... $120
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives,** in neat case, $8 ..... $96
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple **Plate Tea Spoons,** $5..... $60

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First one, a **Morocco Bound, Handsomely Gilt** volume of 182 pages, **of Birds of North America,** the finest of the kind published, $75..... $75
Next three, **Fine Family Sewing Machine,** with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $210
Next three, each a double barrelled English **Breech Loading Shot Gun,** top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, $30 ..... $90
Next six, each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch Hunting Case,** beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50 ..... $300
Next fifteen, each an **Elegant Breakfast Cruet,** extra Quadruple Plate, hand painted Bottles, very neat, $4..... $60

Be prompt! don't delay! It is best always to *be as early as possible* in sending in your answers. Be sure they are right, for no corrections can be made after your answers are mailed—unless you send the correct answers and another dollar and have your subscription extended and the paper sent to some friend. From among this great list you can hardly fail to get something good, IF YOU SEND IN QUICKLY.

These competitions have been going on for the past eight years, and their fairness and reliability have never been questioned. Fully sixty thousand people have voluntarily testified to this, and to the value of the articles received. Over 175,000 persons have obtained prizes in previous competitions. Here are a few names of winners of pianos in recent competitions: Mrs. H. H. Nelles, London South, Ont.; Rosa Brighton, Berlin, Ont.; E. Worth, 56 Markham St., Toronto, Ont.; Ella Lancey, Petrolia, Ont.; Geo. Black, 41 East Ave. South, Hamilton, Ont.; Chas. R. Hext, Brantford, Ont.; Miss Lizzie O'Reilley, 149 James St. South, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. W. Metcalfe, Hawkstone; Olivia Littlehales, Sussex, Yale, N. B., as well as scores of others in all parts of Canada.

Full lists of the Prize Winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, (there will be no waiting) with street and number in cities where given, and post office addresses for town, village and country, so all may see just where the prizes go.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties, and the prizes given strictly in the order the letters arrive at TRUTH office. Fifteen days after 31st January will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points. Address, **S. FRANK WILSON, Truth, 29 to 81 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.**

Prang's Holiday Publications.

SEASON 1890-1891.

L. Prang & Co. are again before the public with an extensive line of their well-known publications for Christmas and New Year, and again their American character is the most prominent feature.

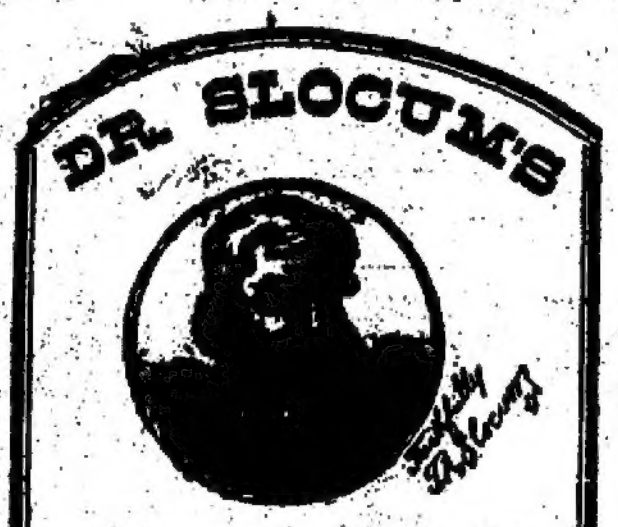
Besides the usual variety of Christmas and New Years Cards, it comprises a large collection of beautiful paper and satin Novelties; a large selection of Calendars for the table, the desk, the mantel, the pocket and the wall; a number of Fine Art Pictures, and a large assortment of elegant Art Books and Booklets.

PRANG'S FINE ART PICTURES.

The success of these pictures, issued the two last years specially for the holiday season, has induced the publication of a larger and more varied number of similar pictures, which have met with an increased demand as soon as shown. There are again two charming subjects by Miss Ida Waugh, called "Playing School" and "Right or Left?" which please by their truthful rendering of every-day child life. Another, larger picture by the same artist is a veritable prize baby, sitting up in bed and pulling off its sock. It is called "I'm a Daisy," and truly a daisy it is.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S



Oxygenized Emulsion

—OF—

PURE COD LIVER OIL.

Among the merits which distinguish Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil above all other preparations are :

1st. The excellence of its method of preparation.
2nd. Its freedom from disagreeable taste and odor !
3rd. Its fitness for immediate absorption !
4th. The thoroughness in which it retains permanently its good qualities.
5th. And the fact that Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion is the only Cod Liver Oil amalgamation in the market in which the oil is notmixed with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, or some other equally injurious foreign substance, and consequently rendered worse than worthless !

All Pulmonary Disorders find Speedy Relief.
If you have any Throat Trouble..... Use it.
If you have Tightness of the Chest..... Use it.
If you have Difficulty of Breathing..... Use it.
If you have a wasting away of Flesh..... Use it.
If you have Weak Lungs..... Use it.
If you have Bronchitis ..... Use it.
If you have Asthma..... Use it.
If you have Catarrh..... Use it.
If you have a Cold..... Use it.
If you have a Cough..... Use it.
If you are Feeble and Emaciated..... Use it.
If you have Consumption..... Use it.

THEY WHO USE IT--LIVE !

The approval my OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL has met with at the hands of the public is no doubt more or less due to the members of the medical profession, who have shown a preference in recommending its use in their daily practice.

☞ If your druggist has not got SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, and will not order it for you, do nottake any preparation that contains Lime and Soda. In such case rather obtain of him the Pure Cod Liver Oil, which, though nauseous and repulsive to the taste, does not contain any foreign and injurious substance.

SINGLE BOTTLES, $1.00; SIX BOTTLES, $5.00.

Treatise and Circulars on Consumption mailed on application. Address—

T. A. SLOCUM, 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Grandma's Story.

"Just one more story, grandma, about when you were a little girl and lived in the woods," said Frank.

And grandma drew off her spectacles and shut her book. She leaned her head back against the large easy chair and shut her eyes, thinking.

"I remember as if it were only yesterday," she said, raising her head and looking at the children who had gathered around her. "I was only 7 and my baby brother wasn't a year old."

"I'm going to the spring-house," said mother, 'and you must stay in the room and rock the baby if he wakes.' So I took my knitting—for I had learned to knit, and was very proud of the stocking which was growing under my hand."

"It was a cold day late in the fall and the doors were all shut. Baby slept, and I knitted for half an hour. As I got down from mother's great easy-chair, where I had been sitting, I thought I heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't Lion, for he had gone off with father to the mill. Something

Baby Farming Extraordinary.

A Vienna telegram says:—At Warsaw a woman named MadameSkibitska, her married daughter, the latter's sister-in-law, and another woman, besidestwo men, have just been tried on the charge of having murdered some 200 infants. Some of the bodies of the deceased infants were exhumed and submitted to a post-mortem examination, the result of which was to show that they had died from starvation. The dead children were never interred singly in order not to arouse suspicion, but when half a dozen had succumbed they were put together in the coffin of an adult, and with the assistance of the coffin-maker and gravedigger, both of whom are amongst the accused, were buried as one person. The trial was ended on Saturday, and the chief culprit has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, while her accomplices have been sentenced to prison for smaller terms. The public prosecutor has appealed against the sentence as being altogether inadequate.

A Remarkable Character.

In a quiet little hotel in Gerrard Street Soho, Aubertin, the man who, some four years ago, attempted to assassinate M. Jules Ferry, is at present engaged in writing a history of his life. So far the motive of the attempt upon the life of M. Ferry has been more or less a matter of conjecture, although Aubertin claims that he acted in the interests of Freemasonry in endeavouring to shoot the man who had betrayed the secrets of the brotherhood. He was convicted, but was pronounced insane, and was ordered to be confined in a lunatic asylum. Much of his book will be devoted to a description of the horrors of these institutions. He brings the gravest charges against his jailors, and has in his possession a phial containing poison, with which, he says, the asylum authorities attempted to kill him. Only a few days ago he made his escape, and found his way to England.

"Faith

is the foundation on which all knowledge rests. Without faith, knowledge is impossible. There is no science, however exact, which does not rest ultimately on the piers of faith. 'Proof implies that which is unproved, and, in the final analysis, that which cannot be proved. An argument which is based on no assumption is as useless, for all purposes o support, as a chain that is fixed to no staple. An endless chain of reasoning—that is, one that is all links with no fixed point anywhere—is an idle dream.' Destroy your faith, and you destroy your knowledge. Therefore our faiths are to be prized most highly and cherished most carefully, and are not to be given up until we find other and better faiths to take their place."

The horseman hurled high in the air, doesn't know whether he will be a-foot or a-horseback when he comes down.

A man hired a room under a doctor's office, so that the doctors might work over him in case of an emergency.

The Vanderbilt laces are said to be worth $500,000. Many a woman laces who isn't worth the hundredth part of that.

Holiday Goods.

We have now on hand an entirely n w stock of goods suitable for holiday presents, or can supply also materials to those ladies wishing to make up their own fancy work.

Sarah Silks, all the new colors - 50c per yard
Felt, all colors, 2 yards wide 65 to 75c "
Plush, best quality, 24 in. wide, $1.25 "
Satin, newest shades, 24 in. wide, 65c to $1 per yd
China Silk, entirely new designs 30 in., $1.50 "
Scrim, 18 to 40 inches, very best quality 25 and 15c yard.
500 pair newest patterns in Gentlemen's Slippers from 75c. to $1.00 per pair. These are the nicest designs to be had.
Another large shipment of Berlin Wools to hand, still selling in all colors at 8c. per ounce.
Gentlemen's Silk Suspenders $1.00, $1.60 and $1.75 per pair. These are the finest silk, all stamped, ready for use. Ribbons in all the newest colorings from 3c per yd.
Stamped work for outline embroidery in great variety. Our price list gives full particulars.

In made up goods we have the following articles, which are beautifully embroidered and finished with best materials.

Plush Whisk-Holders, 12 different styles, Handkerchief Cases, Photo Cases, Toilet Sets, Cushion and Bottles, Slipper Holders, single and double pockets, Key Holders, Match Holders, Towel Holders, Smoking Caps, Pin Cushions, Saddle Bags, Ladies' Work Boxes, New Ribbon Tidies, &c., &c., all at very lowest prices.

We make a specialty of sending goods to any part of Canada, and shall be pleased to forward our price list free of charge. Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention.

HENRY DAVIS,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 YONGE STREET. - TORONTO

CARDS FREE. SEND YOUR ADDRESS ON POSTAL FOR 20 SAMPLES OF NEW CARDS & SOUVENIRS FOR 1891. FINEST IN AMERICA. 1 CENT PAY DUTY. CARD WORKS, NORTHFORD, CONN.

Typhoid Fever, Its Causes and Prevention,

During Typhoid, Bacteria is found in the blood and mucous tissues comes by inhalation. Impure water contains animalcule. These disease germs develop in the system, feed on the fluids and vitals, cause disease, fever, etc. Flood the arteries with St. Leon Water says Sir Henry Thompson. "No animalcule or germinal matter can live if this rare mineral water is used." "Popular Hygiene adds: "In cases of Typhoid let us have recourse to St. Leon, this water is doubly salutary to keep down and remove putridness."

The St. Leon Mineral Water Company, Limited. Head office, 101½ King Stree west. Branch office, Tidy's flower depot, 161 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DR. DORENWEND'S

GERMAN

HAIR MAGIC

Restores Gray Hair, Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A great preparation. For sale by all druggists everywhere. $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Agt.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

Dr. Hewson's Famous Specific

OAK BALM

Is the only safe and reliable Cure for all Female Weakness and Troubles. Thousands have been permanently cured by this truly wonderful Remedy. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.00 sufficient for one months' treatment, or send stamp and address for 10 days' treatment. For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by **J. TROTTER, 5 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.**

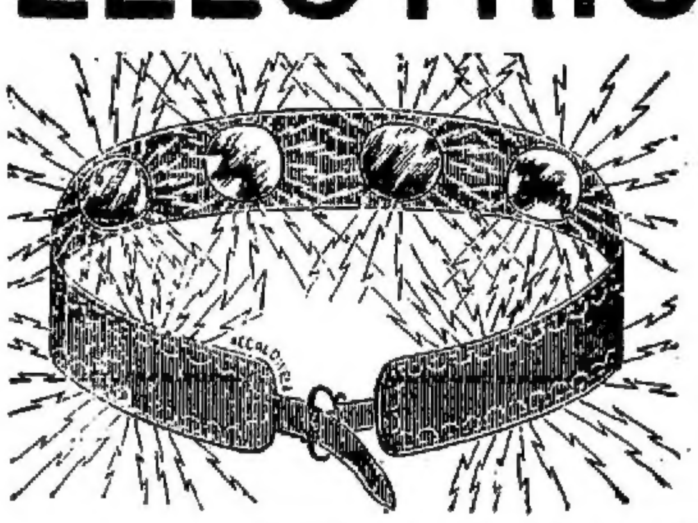
Lady agents wanted to whom I will give liberal inducements.

RUPTURE

The last 25 years I have adjusted more Trusses than any man in America. Valuable Patents, my own invention, in Trusses, Spinal and Club Feet Instruments.
Rupture—I will guarantee to hold largest Rupture without touching your hip, no straps whatsoever, waterproof. Largest stock of general Trusses, also the great Ch... the Spiral Trusses in stock. Reliable system ...ERING BY MAIL.
Spinal ...ments half the weight of other makes and mo... ...tive.
CLUB I claim the only mechanical system to straighte... Club Feet (Patented.) I will pro... ...ybody that operation never di... can straighten Club Feet. Se... ...t stamps for Book.
CHA... ...THE, 118 King St. W., Toronto.

L Jones MAITLAND ONT Dec 90

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE



THE ONLY

Electrical Appliances

Having Absorbent Qualities.

REPUTATION ESTABLISHED **OVER 20,000 SOLD**

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE

ALL DISEASES ARE CURED BY OUR MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES

Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS.

Isaac Radford, 35 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles, cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.
Samuel W. Abbott, Millichamp's Building, cured in six weeks. Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.
A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.
J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.
Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.
W. J. Gould, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.
Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.
C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.
Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.
Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.
Mrs. F. Stevens, 140 Lisgar St., City. Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
Richard Hood, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth $100. Headache.
E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.
Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.
Senator A. E. Botsford advises everybody to use Actina for Failing Eye-sight.
Miss Laura Grose, 106 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.
Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Tecumseth street, City, Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.
Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Rupture, now able to attend to her household duties.
Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.
J. H. McCarthy, Ag't N. P. & M. Ry., Altomont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.
Thomas Johnson, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.
Mrs. Beard, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years' standing—Actina and Insoles.
Rev. R. W. Mills, Brinston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.
H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
Thomas Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.
Thos. Bryan, 511 Dundas street, City. Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.
W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City, Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.
John Bromagem, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.
Reuben Silverthorn, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

Many Such Letters on File.

ANY BELT Requiring Vinegar or Acid will Burn the Skin

All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

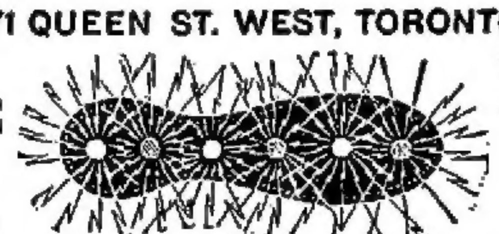
Send for Illustrated "Health Journal" and List of Home Testimonials Free and Mention This Paper.

$3. Given on 15 days trial

W. T. BAER & Co

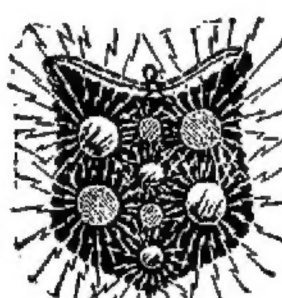
171 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF **ACTINA**



Insoles, per pair, $1.00

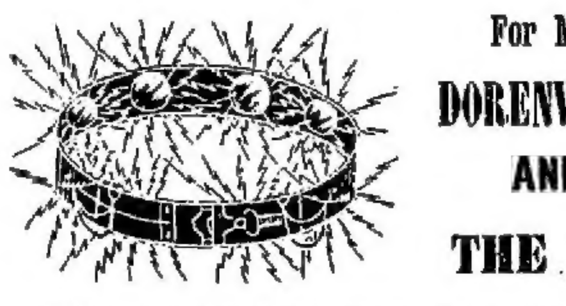
No Vinegar or Acid USED.



Lung Shield, $4.00

BUTTERFLY BELT AND SUSPENSORY ONLY $7.00

SELF-APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY

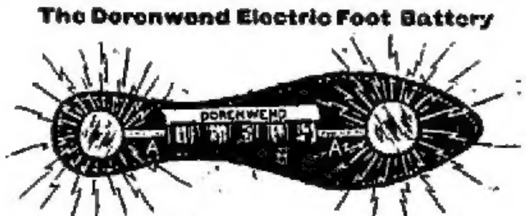


For Medical Purposes by the

DORENWEND ELECTRIC BELT AND ATTACHMENTS.

THE WORLD'S BEST.

The Dorenwend Electric Foot Battery



Cures Rheumatism, Cramps, Cold Feet, &c. The only insole in the world having a battery in it. All others are simply made of a sole with a process of copper and zinc fastened on it.

All diseases curable by Electricity can be treated at home by the Dorenwend Appliances. The Dorenwend is the only legitimate Electric Belt made which fulfills the requirements of Electro-medical science. It is a complete Body Battery, it has an independent Battery which generates a mild, continuous current of Electricity (without shocks) and can be regulated to suit the strongest man or the weakest child. It is a current of Quantity, not merely a sensation current, and the quantity current is the greatest curative. It is a successful treatment for Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Weak Back, Spinal Disease, Heart Trouble, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Vertigo, Female Complaints, Impotence, Sexual Decline, and all diseases of the Nervous and Muscular System. Remember that the DORENWEND BELT is the very latest invention in this line; it was invented by a competent electrician and ranks as the best in the world; we defy anyone to bring proof to the contrary. Send name and address for Illustrated Book on Home Electro-medical treatment and mention this paper.

C. H. DORENWEND, Electrician, - 103 Yonge Street, - Toronto, Canada.

The Dorenwend Belt is the only one that will stand Expert Examination. Others keep clear of it while we solicit it.